TAKE ONE

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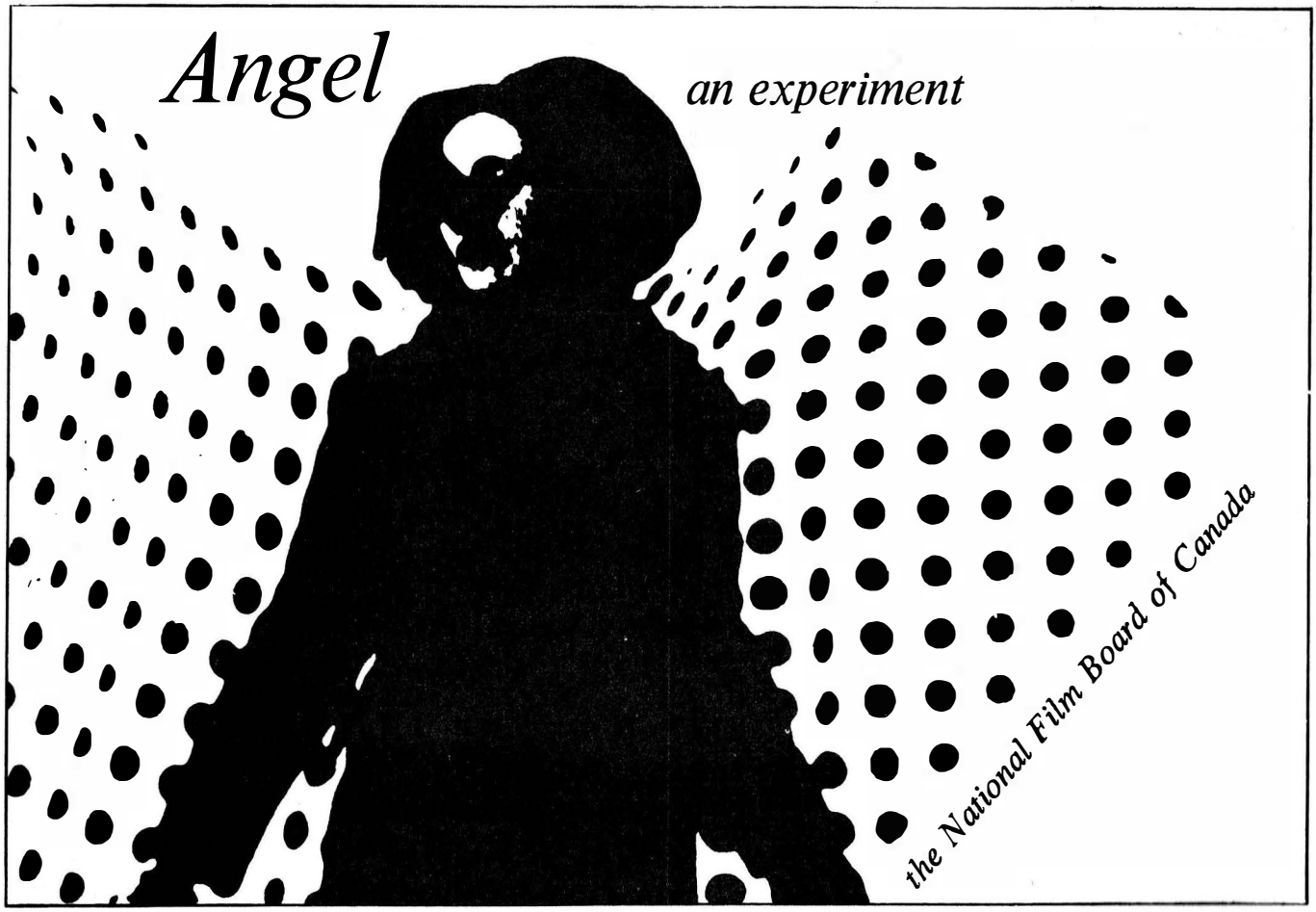
ANGER .. INTER-SEX .. HOFSESS



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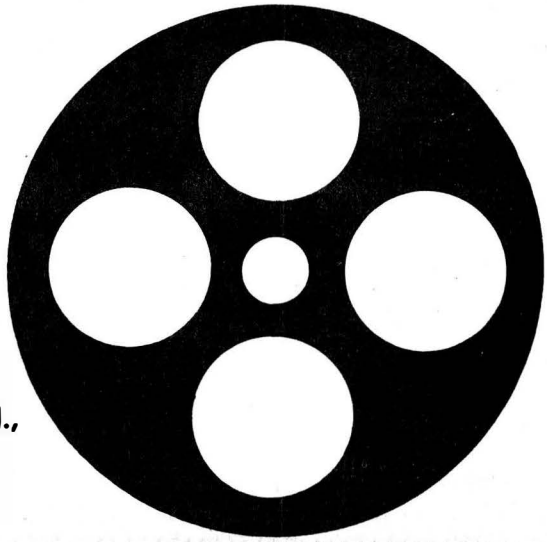

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ADRIFT IN A SEA OF MUD

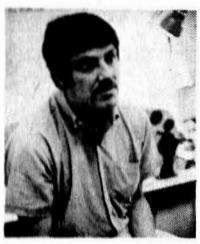
some words from Don Owen

The film I've just finished (**The Ernie Game**) is the second part of a trilogy of which **Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail** is the first part. **Donna and Gail** is the introduction to the theme, the overture. That film, although it's apparently about two working-class girls (and that's really what it's about, of course: it's about two girls and the relationship between them), for me **personally,** expresses my own particular kind of schizophrenia — my teeter-tottering between two worlds, one sensual and worldly, and the other reticent and spiritual and retiring. This theme is elaborated in **The Ernie Game** and I have another film in mind to do after **The Ernie Game** — not right away, but maybe in a year's time — which is called **Going to Gail'sville.** It's about a man who finds life among other people unbearable and who moves out into the country to live by himself on a farm.

Donna and Gail is the only film I've made that I really like. I had to fight for that film — I had to fight to make it the way I wanted to at the Film Board — because there was a lot of resistance to some of the eccentric things in it. I had the feeling that maybe some of the things I was doing were wrong, but, if they were wrong, it was of necessity and their wrongness would help me be right the next time. It's like I had to embark on a certain direction even though maybe some things about it were not right.

I've got to the point, now, where my films express my deepest concerns —the things that are at the very centre of my life. They also express passing fancies, momentary preoccupations, but starting with **Donna and Gail,** I began to get into something that was very much my own bag. When I started to make **Donna and Gail,** I was starting to make a film in which I had to solve all the problems, because they were completely new ones in terms of what I wanted to do. I found myself out in areas where I didn't have any examples to fall back on, to do the kind of film that I wanted. And somehow, that was the moment, for me, of really becoming a film-maker — nothing I'd done before that really touches that level.

There are things that I don't even feel tempted to do any more.



JULIAN LEBENSOLD

I find that we're presently at such a place where the effects of cinema have been explored so thoroughly that now it is a greater virtue to show restraint than to continue that direction.

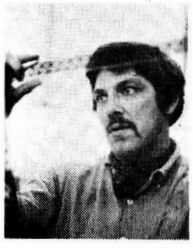
I don't really want anything to work well, or to be slick, or to look good, or to be classy, or to be cinematic, or to be beautiful — I only want to express exactly how I feel about that thing and if I feel like shooting a dialogue scene entirely in long shot, I do it — I don't cover myself, I shoot it one way — I shoot things as simply as I possibly can. I've turned completely away from any attempt at composition that resembles painting. I've tried to make my composition as simple as possible. I'm turning away from the lure of cinematic effect . . . it isn't turning away, it's just falling away, it doesn't even represent a decision, it's just that there are things that I don't even feel tempted to do any more.

I'm using the process of making the film as the agent of my own personal change. Maybe it's even a way of laying old ghosts to rest, shucking off things, old crises.

What I'm hoping to achieve is a complete unity in everything that I do; that I don't feel any different about having dinner, or screwing, or

making a film, or talking to a friend, or doing an interview — it's all one part of the same kind of activity, I don't chop it up into little pieces. And the film-making part of that is kind of the gathering together of all that material — it's the thing which helps you see your experience with clarity, it's a working through, also, a working out of my life.

I don't really know what it is I'm trying to do in cinema, the actual act of making a film is the process of finding out what that is — what it is I'm doing. I have some clues, you know, but I'm mostly trying to work out the problems as I come to them, so that the comments I make about simplifying, all that kind of thing, are kind of reflections upon the work I've just done.



I may just take up 8mm movie-making and forget about the rest.

The thing is that my favourite movies at this stage are home movies — like I really love home movies: in fact we have just bought an 8mm movie camera and I may just take up 8mm movie-making and forget about the rest. I'm serious — it's really in that kind of intimate pleasure that you have in making a film, it's that kind of — you know — photographs of your kids and that kind of thing: I mean those are great things in cinema. What I mean is — what **do** I mean? — I mean that although I **am** moving away from improvisation myself, what I am attracted to is that completely personal thing, like I really admire Godard for opening **Vivre sa Vie** by shooting a scene from the back of the characters — you never see their faces. Because he felt like doing it, and that's a completely justifiable reason. If you think it's bad, walk out. I'm not that extreme myself — I don't feel the need to do that — I mean I'm not that far out by temperament, I'm much more square. But I love that kind of attitude.

Bresson says somewhere — I think it's in the **Cahiers du Cinéma in English,** in one of the interviews he has in there — he says one's style is what happens when you try to do what everybody else does and fail. I think that's true. The things I have told you about where I am at as a film-maker are not really the result of deliberately striving to be there: I just did what I had to do and that's what came out. And then the process of self-definition begins, when you begin to realize that you don't have to try those other things, because you won't do them, but what your whole bag is — that's where the real value lies. Right now I'm very interested in the problem of actors, and I'm thinking very seriously of discarding the use of actors altogether. There is a kind of narcissism to the acting profession — too many actors spend too much time with each other, sitting around cafés telling each other jokes, performing for each other — so that they have the aura of a cult group about them and they have characteristics in common. And when they go to perform a character, the character that they make is the character of an actor. The people that I have most enjoyed working with in films — the story-films that I have made — are people who have a kind of very profound confidence in their particular position in life, and feel very little reason, when the camera is turned on them, to lose their confidence in that position.

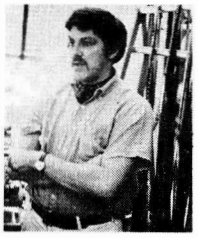
It seems to me that there is nothing more precious than what a person is, so that's the real reason why I prefer people who are not actors, because you can never invent that, it is just too perfect and beautiful. No actor I've ever met has ever invented a character as beautiful as somebody who just manages to somehow give of themselves in front of a camera.

With this film the big problem was the large budget—shooting in 35 colour with a large crew —it's just difficult to be so personal under those circumstances, and also it's very difficult being with so many people every day. The one thing I felt: at the end of the film, I wanted very desperately to be alone. But I have a suspicion that the next film I do with a large crew will affect me less strongly that way. Another problem was that the intense cold made the shooting very, very tough—we were shooting, some days, in twenty-below-zero weather and that's really hard because you completely lose your capacity to think clearly and to pay very close attention, which is the only way you can make films.

The Ernie Game is very modern, very contemporary—the things that it deals with are things that are the preoccupation of the psychedelic generation—but it's not about drugs at all. But the things that LSD leads you to concern yourself with are the preoccupations of this film, you could say. The film is about sanity, insanity, consciousness, that kind of thing—I mean, the surfaces of those things. I find that I'm presently very much interested in surfaces. I think that that's where the profundity is — in the surface, that there is only a surface, that the other thing is an invention. I'm at the point now where I think that the whole idea of meaning is a false one— that the meaning of everything presents itself to you immediately — that a man is exactly what he looks like — in fact that's what he is: what he looks like is what he is. To interpret something is only to ex-

press dissatisfaction with what you receive from it, let's put it that way. In **The Ernie Game**— which is all surface, completely all surface— nobody ever tells you anything about the characters, no information is provided, the reason for doing anything is completely unclear because I think it never is clear.

I'm playing, and I hope that everybody enjoys the game, that's all.



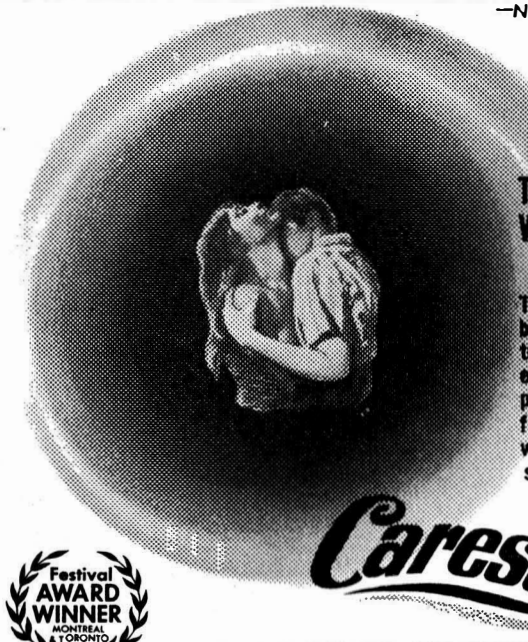
I just hope people are amused by my films. I've made my films to amuse myself, as you can tell. I'm playing, and I hope that everybody enjoys the game, that's all. That's really what it's all about.

If what you require for enjoyment of a thing is to intellectualize it, then go ahead, have fun. But I have a feeling that that's a very dissatisfying thing. My theme song is "Strawberry Fields Forever". I really believe that that's where it all is, in that free, open acceptance of life, acceptance of the things that are apparent to you, that present themselves to you immediately.

I find that less and less am I able to make any value judgements at all. My value judgements are these: things bore me or they don't bore me, and those things that bore you are not very good, and those things which don't bore you are pretty good. And the less bored you are, the better off you are, and the more bored you are, the worse off you are. Those are my value judgements. I'm serious. Happiness consists in not being bored.

Although I am very much pained and upset by the state of the world, I am perfectly aware that all the things that are going on there are unresolved in my own head, and the conflict in Asia will not stop until I have somehow stopped the conflict in my head. And so, that's the first responsibility, and that's the first responsibility of every man. I don't think it's possible—I think it's an impossible task, but I think that's where you begin. It doesn't mean a drawing back from social issues—you have to participate in the world—but that's where the real problem lies, and I think it's probably an impossibility, I mean I think men will always kill each other. A thing that buzzes in my head all the time is John Cage's remark when somebody asked him was there too much suffering in the world, and Cage said: "Just the right amount. Just exactly the right amount." TO

"GNAWING SEXUAL HUNGER, STINGINGLY CONVEYED IN SLASHING TEMPO... ADMIRABLY WROUGHT."
—N. Y. Times



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THE NEXT MEDIUM

by ROBERT RUSSEL

4. INTERSEX

Bio-Cybernetic Institute,
Tokaida University, Japan,
July 16, 1967

Dear Mr. Robert Russel,

If you will remember, we had several conversations at the Film Festival in Vancouver, 1963, while I was preparing a television program on Canadian culture for NHK. Our mutual friends in the CBC film unit in Vancouver have sent me your three most interesting articles about "The Next Medium". At the Bio-Cybernetics Institute where I am now working with an interdisciplinary team on feedback communications technology, it had not occurred to us that the personal communicator will be a complete and separate new medium in the same sense as Radio and Television. The idea is original; accordingly, I would like your permission to translate your articles to Japanese for our Bio-Cybernetics Communications Review.

In exchange, perhaps you might be interested in learning of our experiments in "The Next Medium" at the Institute, since they represent an unusual extension of the work you are describing in North America. For I, like you, have left film and television to work in communications. But whereas you are concerned exclusively with visual and auditory areas — print, images, sounds — we are exploring the transmission of other forms of sensory information. For an example, the communication of electrocardiograms from various regional hospitals over telephone lines to our FOCAM computer for interpretation and diagnosis. You are of course familiar with this procedure. Our projects are a development of this, are somewhat unusual, and grow out of the medical-sexual work of the Americans William Masters and Virginia Johnson: THE HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE (Little Brown and Co., 1966), at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis. We are working on the development of a group of systems for the two-way transmission of sensory-sexual information. The project is difficult to name in English. "Intersex" is too vague, while the more accurate "Interfuck" has a vulgarity in English it lacks in Japanese. I shall use the more decorous term in hope that it will provoke you to suggest a more felicitous phrase.

"Intersex" uses a modified and somewhat more sophisticated version of the equipment developed by Masters and Johnson in their sex-measurement studies. The sensory input devices are attached to the subjects to enregister heartbeat, respiratory rhythm, perspiration through skin conductivity, and emotional activity in the brain through scalp electrodes. These devices permit the registering and communication of the sensations and excitement of the subject during the sexual cycle. We use closed circuit television (color) to record and transmit facial expression, and other visual releasers such as tumescence. We are also using the autoeroticism machine, the motorized penile camera which in the Masters and Johnson experiments was inserted and controlled and manipulated by the subject (female). In our experiment, the manipulator is connected by cable to a male subject in another laboratory, as are the various sensory receivers and transmitters, and the two-way voice and video channels.

The object of the experiments is to gather data on a possible system for the remote communication of the complete sexual experience, through feedback communications technology. Each partner is able to see the other on the various closed circuit cameras, feel the sensations the other is undergoing through the system of remote sensors, exchange verbal data via the telephone circuits, and control the other partner's manipulator through telechiric transmission of pelvic and other body movement. Through a system of PCM (pulse-coded-modulation) the four visual channels, the telechiric instructions and the sensory information can be transmitted in both directions simultaneously on two 6-megaherz channels.

At first, our research on this project was supported by an Air Force grant (AF63-8759) from the American Government, and later by the Hikari group of companies, who maintain a Pan-Asian unit similar to your American Express Company. Hikari are already extensively in computers and computer networks interconnecting their travel bureaux for the transfer of data and money, and they eventually foresee establishing "Intersex" studios at a number of principle travel bureaux throughout Asia, on a trial basis, to service travelling businessmen.

If I may leave "Intersex" for a moment, I would like to describe a second group of experiments commissioned by Hikari, under the project name of "Cybersex", wherein we plan to program our FOCAM 230-20 computer with a complete set of sensory and manipulative responses from a single subject, recorded during a number of varied

sexual encounters. As you know, remote broadband lines and microwave links are very expensive, costing almost 2000 yen or $1.00 per kilometer. In this way, the partner need not be connected to his mate via the "Intersex" hook-up, but need merely enter a "Cybersex" studio, put his partner's program tape on the computer, attach the sensors and manipulators, and proceed as if in direct contact with her from a remote studio. Any action, feeling or response he might make will be instantly interpreted by the computer, which will then examine the woman's memory tape for the appropriate images, vocalizations, sensory responses and movements pre-recorded by the absent partner, and transmit them directly to the subject in the studio.

Thus, through "Intersex" for direct sensory contact with a distant partner, and "Cybersex" for relating personally to the tapes of distant partners, communications science may banish loneliness, separation and even death, and according to our collaborators in the Philosophy Department, may even bring a meaningful variety to the sexual life of the couple, as they will be able to record on tape and repeat experiences from their earliest courtship, most happy holidays, right through their maturity and older age.

Various faculties and departments at Tokaida are taking part in discussions of the new possibilities, some of them quite amusing. For an example, the possible use of the equipment in sex education has quite discountenanced the pedagogical faculty. But it is too soon for the real meaning, the implications of our work to appear. In fact it is for this reason that we do not conduct our experiments in privacy. For when (and if) our system is placed on the commercial market in several years' time, it will have the most profound effect on our social mores, and penetrate every aspect of communications from advertising to cinema, from furniture and fashion to the law. The legal faculty are examining the laws concerning divorce and adultery, for these will have to be most carefully reformulated in the light of the possibility that a husband or wife may lend or borrow a tape from someone outside the partnership. Great precautions must be taken to prevent bootlegging of tapes. Prominent individuals who might avail themselves of Cybersex recordings of themselves and their partners would have to be assured that technicians would not abuse their confidence by dubbing or otherwise using a tape destined for the exclusive use of another. Also, bugging of Intersex cables would become an intolerable invasion of privacy.

By the end of the century, Hikari expects to see commercial Cybersex tapes, recorded by prominent male and female celebrities, generally available, much as one buys a phonograph recording today. This would undoubtedly enhance the market for home units which would attach to the home communicator or even, if the market has evolved that far, to a homecomputer.

In a more traditional artistic vein, our manipulators and sensors attached to standard color television receivers, and operated through pulse-coded-modulation signals carried along with the normal television signal would permit a most affective form of drama to emerge — a new art form right in one's own home. The viewers, if we can still call them that, would participate directly in the physical action and reaction of the drama, feeling the sensations, partaking of the adventure, in a much more involving manner than 3-D or Smellovision ever dreamed of offering. Such a system was described thirty years ago by the Anglo-American writer Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World". However his "feelies" preceded the television era, and he imagined this new type of entertainment taking place in a darkened public auditorium rather than in the privacy of one's home.

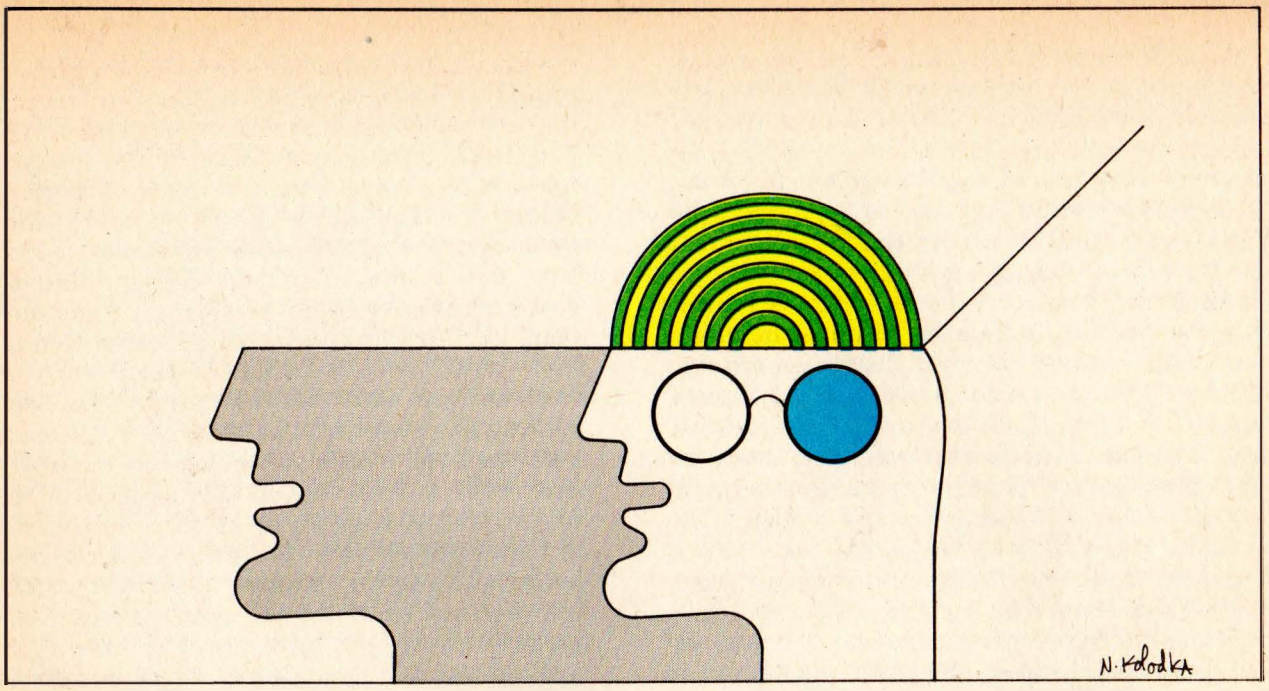
The evolution of the next medium, with ALL that it implies (information retrieval, computer instruction, demand broadcasting, and Intersex) thus depends on the development of a feedback cable system, connecting each individual house and remote station with a central computer. I wonder if North-Americans still share our national prejudice against the cable companies who bring remote television programs to our homes? It is they, not the television stations, who hold the key to the future. They should be encouraged to experiment with computers and feedback technology. The intellectuals should support them in this direction through research, programming, and through writing in the press about the nature, meaning and importance of feedback technology and all that it could bring to our lives.

If there is any morality to our actions in this work, it seems to me to lie in the use of cybernetic technology to support and fulfill the individual by the specialized and personalized services only the computer and cable can bring, rather than (as we to date have applied our technology) for the "mass communication" of standardized information and the control of people. With each new development we should ask ourselves the question, "Does this system increase the freedom, understanding and enjoyment of the individual, or does it merely serve the administrator's desire to maintain order?" From this point of view our two budding developments, Intersex and Cybersex, are truly moral, as they involve the creative participation of the individual in the artistic and human-sexual experience.

I am most anxious to read your comments on our work.

Yours most respectfully,

Donald Kenzotaki, Bio-Cybernetic Institute,
Tokaida University, Tokyo. TO



FILM AS GUERILLA WARFARE
by john hofsess

For several months an advertisement sponsored by Grove Press in New York has been asking, "Do you have what it takes to join the Underground?" And dilettantes by the thousands have been saying yes. A double-bill of **Chafed Elbows** and **Scorpio Rising** runs four months in uptown New York. **Time** and **Newsweek** make Warhol a household word (albeit a dirty one) with their middleclass legions. Even **Playboy** has clasped the underground to its bosom. O Underground, where is thy sting?

When the movement began in New York, it was distinguished by several "subversive" characteristics. Union regulations were ignored: actors and technicians volunteered their time and services. Precensorship rules were flaunted: groups met informally in coffeehouses and churches and showed their films freely, as a poet is free to read without running to a state board for approval. The films experimented with new subjects, techniques and forms.

West Side Story, My Fair Lady, A Man for All Seasons, Night of the Iguana, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? . . . anyone running down a list of American films produced during the last five years might be led to believe that Broadway is Alive and Hiding in Hollywood. If the creative nerve centre in American cinema shifted during these years from the Hollywood professionals to the decentralized underground, it is largely because the world-famous expertise of the former has become a matter of being all dressed up with nowhere to go. For exuberant inventiveness, underground film-makers resemble nothing so much as a new generation of Marx brothers let loose in a staid and stereotyped industry. Many of the underground films are bad, but none are quite so depressing as a bad Hollywood film. There is a considerable difference between realizing that some seventeen year old wasted five hundred dollars trying to make electroencephalograph patterns with a rock'n'roll soundtrack a viable film experience, and realizing the waste incurred when a distinguished cast of nineteen stars headed by a famous director has bored you to death with a biblical-musical (an obvious new genre, I should think: **Thoroughly Modern Jesus**) scripted by five Nobel prize-winners and filmed at a cost of twenty million dollars.

In a tape-recording made last summer, Jonas Mekas described the aims of underground films: "Ten years ago people like ourselves went on marches, protesting this, decrying that. We failed of course. Then we began to realize that the change, if change is possible, must come from within ourselves. It is an experiment in living: if we cannot change ourselves in any way, the rest is hopeless. We believe in what we're doing, we believe it to be much more beautiful than what Hollywood is doing, because really if you want to change man, if you want to change any of the horrible things around us, you can change it only through the sense of beauty, through the beautiful aspects in ourselves, or in our works of art. Blaise Cendrars in an essay he wrote in 1921 entitled **ABC of Cinema** said, 'every object touched by man is impregnated with humanity,' and that, I would say, is what our films are doing: expanding human sympathy, stretching

the imagination, teaching the eye new sensations. It is what we mean when we say that films are to be made with love. That is our purpose."

Underground cinema is an intrinsic part of a scene that includes peace marches, draft-card burnings, pop music, topless chamber concerts and love-ins. The emergence of this "religion of the young" is viewed increasingly with shock and alarm by older generations, and while the shock they feel may be genuine, it is nevertheless self-induced. Conservatives are very much aware that they are living in an age of "moral decline." They create this disagreeable illusion for themselves through their own inflexibility; instead of possessing a creative morality, one that is self-corrective and which collaborates with life, they have chosen views which are frozen into immobility and eventual irrelevance. Once they take a stand, they stay there. And while it may induce security never to reopen one's mind to doubt, or to suffer what Eric Hoffer calls "the ordeal of change" the world to which these standards supposedly relate is nevertheless **alive,** and undergoing permutations. Obviously a gap soon grows between one's dead-letter laws and the behaviour of living people, and as the gap widens, so does one's estimate of the moral decay, and its attendant moods of rage and despair. In an age when increasing numbers of people die for political illusions and abstractions that have no functional meaning, one can be grateful for the Underground's passionate affirmation of concrete beauties and freedoms.

In speaking with other Canadian filmmakers and distributors, it is clear that the underground's idea of making personal films doesn't impress them: to them the only way to make films is the prevalent way, and all roads lead to the Drive-in. To be seen in Superscope, in a 4,000 seat theatre, by line-ups of people who come and go in the darkness without speaking to one another, and hawked on billboards as "greatest Academy award winner ever" is their vision of success. It is business-as-usual in the film world, it is my vision of hell.

In beginning **The Palace of Pleasure,** I deliberately chose what might be called the "alternative future" for films. It faces permanent difficulties in distribution due to its dual-projection technique, and the concept of "cinematherapy" meant creating a film in which content and structure are determined by criteria unfamiliar to critics. Audiences are accustomed to films which manipulate reality to create a symbolic order, supposedly rich in metaphysical "meanings"; whereas I cannot divine any value or meaning below or above the surface sensation of anything. Man's penchant for something more, something higher, has given sensuality a reputation for superficiality (people always seem to seek truth as if it were the opposite of what they are) but invariably the something more turns out to be something less — something no one has **even** seen or **ever** felt — religious and political illusions which men die for rather than lead a fullbodied life.

In the spirit of La Rochefoucauld's epigram that "most people would never fall in love, except for hearing about it," I expect that people are more interested in **judging** sensation and having an instantaneous opinion, than in profoundly experiencing it. More than any other reason, this is why underground films have had such a bad and hostile press. The sexual mores of our society are a clear indication that abstract judgments with no empirical foundation have triumphed over the earthbound reality of sensation. The irrational rage which divides heterosexuals and homosexuals is mutually neurotic and destructive. In pure terms, in terms of physiological sensation, some of their sexual acts are in fact identical. But no one would ever guess that from the exaggerated horror which characterizes both groups. It is an axiom in the advertising world that the brands which advertise the most and declaim the loudest — toothpastes, detergents and cigarettes — are precisely the ones with the greatest similarity between themselves and competing products, and all of them spend millions trying to create in the public mind notions of spurious differences. Our sexual mores could not be more trivial, arbitrary and unconvincing than if they **were** the result of a promotional snow-job for Mr. Clean and Betty Crocker. In what might be called, with a trace of irony, the objective reality of the laboratory, the only detectable differences in some sexual acts is based on the proficiency of individuals, not their sex. (An obvious hair-splitter is intercourse. Some claim it makes a **vas deferens** indeed!) The profound cultural bias so often expressed against any research of erotic sensation that does not include "spiritual" values, psychological and social attitudes is ill-founded. It is precisely these "attitudes" which frequently impede or impair the perception of experience. Instead of experiencing life through a Marxist filter, a Catholic filter, or even the filter of **personal** eccentricity, a major psychological breakthrough is reached when a person becomes metaphysically naked: a finely tuned and purely sensing organism that neither distorts, disorders, adds to nor negates an experience. To bite into a tomato and feel the skin burst, it is enough to be conscious of texture, shape, color, taste and possibly nutritional content; sensation is self-sufficient; there is no justification for using it as a springboard into ghostly unrealities: seeing tomatoes as a manifestation of God, as a mythological symbol, as part of nature's providence to please and feed man.

The direction of underground art is toward the unification — or at least the reconciliation — of many such items normally presumed to be warring opposites. The Mugwumps may have been the first to unite rock and folk music, but the Beatles' new album **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** spans from Bach to Stockhausen. Eclecticism is its keynote, but fused into a new and dynamic language. It may not fully be realized as the intention of such work, but it is understandable that in a world where atomization and specialization set the dominant social tone, the Underground would respond by trying to put the various pieces of man back together again.

The ethic embodied in such work is clear: whereas earlier artists of this century were as fragmented as the age itself, and produced work that is, in the final analysis, so private and unsociable as to be almost inaccessible (I have in mind the authors of **Finnegan's Wake, Cantos, Mythologies, Waste Land,** and **Remembrance of Things Past**) we are observing today a **convergence** of long separated strains — a mixture of media — an attempt to mold a new social consensus. The most pronounced and damaging characteristic of our society is its tendency to fabricate dualisms, to maximize differences into antagonism: communist versus democrat, conservative versus liberal, white versus negro — the list of these "polarities" is endless. What the psychic drop-out rediscovers however is the **spectrum:** the realm where all differences are shades in a graduated continuum, a realm where male and female are reunited in an ambience of sensuality; a non-violent realm wherein nothing is divorced from the scope of one's understanding.

Of course no century is ever entirely of one age: although we live in 1967, there are still 11th Century priests about; there are 18th Century scientists who dwell in ivory reactors; there are 19th Century artists who find retreat the most congenial way of life and the expression of individuality the **only** suitable topic. I mean only to say that, with a Dylanesque drawl, the times have changed since they last crawled out their windows.

In basing **The Palace of Pleasure** on Joris-Karl Huysmans' novel **(Au Rebours,** 1884) I was particularly drawn to its prophetic, modern spirit. * In relating the story of a retired aristocrat who conducts a systematic exploration of his senses to their uttermost limits, and who pits against his spiritually impoverished and violent society a secret garden of wonders, the book practically carries out the psychological project recommended by Norman O. Brown in **Life Against Death** (1959) as the singular hope for modern man. Like the hero of the novel, viewers should be willing to have an aesthetic and emotional experience uninfluenced by any temporal value system. For this reason, I contend that the film is only of minority interest: the number of people willing to enlarge the circumference of perception is quite small.

In marked contrast to the young people intent upon opening the doors of perception, the majority of the world's population are locked in patterns of behaviour and recurrent events that have always brought ruin and shame to us. They have stereotypes for breakfast, clichés for lunch, platitudes for supper and perhaps an idée fixe thrown in for a bedtime snack. This making of life a routine doesn't actually succeed in taming it; it only fosters the illusion that everything's under control, which has as much merit and success usually as conservatism in a shipwreck. The Underground has not "emerged" as some writers claim.

Its dissent remains unintegratable despite the blandishments of commercial distributors and the cooing of dilettante fans who say it blows their mind. Its purpose, if only they knew, is to blow their mind **forever.**

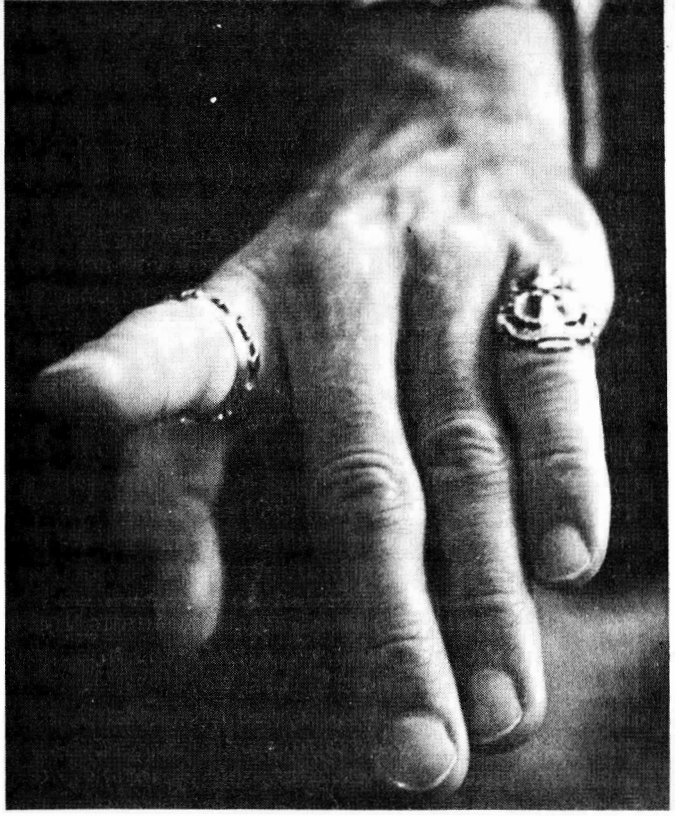
When the most advanced weapon was the crossbow, one could forbear man's monotonous self-destruction; one could always console oneself with the notion that the battlefields were strewn with likeminded men. Today however, civilians, women and children are all enclosed within thermonuclear rings of fire, and neither the power of love nor the energies of art are comparable to the forces of destruction.

Yet precisely when one might expect the depression and demoralization of art, there has occurred this remarkable change.

The songs, poems and films of the Underground are created against all odds: one sings **A Day In The Life** against a backdrop of Auschwitz; one reads **Howl** at the gates of the Steel Company; one views **Flaming Creatures** on the walls of the Pentagon.

James Joyce called for an "awakening" from the "nightmare of history"; that awakening, in fits and starts, is to be found in the work of Bob Dylan, the broadsides of Paul Goodman, in the sharply delineated prose of Claude Brown **(Manchild in the Promised Land)** and James Baldwin; it flowers in the films of Gregory Markopoulos (notably **The Illiac Passion**), the **Songs** of Stan Brakhage, and in the salutory humour of Jack Smith's new film **Normal Love.** Though unmistakably of modern sensibility, underground art is a triumph of the human spirit and imagination that brooks comparison with the art of life created by Socrates. **T.O.**

* Those portions of the film released under the separate titles **Redpath 25** and **Black Zero** would have more accurately been dubbed **The Rushes are Coming.** They are in fact what John Barth calls "test borings" — mere fragments of dreams and memories of the protagonist of the feature film.



KENNETH ANGER

Based in part on an interview by Bruce Martin and Joe Medjuck; arranged by Bruce Martin.

"They are really the same thing." Kenneth Anger speaking. "Making a movie is like casting a spell."

Anger is in his mid thirties, somewhat withdrawn but articulate. And he has — so it seemed in an hour-long conversation — a delicate sense of humour, reminiscent of the soft, whimsical humour in some of Norman McLaren's films.

This year, in an article on the underground cinema, **Time** magazine acknowledged Anger's craftsmanship; then described him as a fanatical occultist who practised diabolical blood rites in a San Francisco "pad", the walls of which were emblazoned with "words" and a "Nazi banner" daubed in gore.

Anger responded to this description: "Well, for one thing, the reporter from **Time** confused a movie set with my living quarters. There **were** some banners around and some artificial blood but it had nothing to do with the way I usually choose to decorate my living quarters. And as far as the occultist thing goes, I do follow the tenets of Aleister Crowley and have about the third largest collection of his books in the world. But I don't know how fanatical I am."

Knowing at least a little about what Aleister Crowley was, and what he represented, is essential to understanding Anger, invaluable in appreciating his films.

Edward Alexander Crowley — as he was baptised — was born in Leamington, England, on October 12, 1875. He later remarked that it was surprising that the small county of Warwickshire, the birthplace also of William Shakespeare, should have given England her two greatest poets.

Crowley's father was a religious fanatic who became a minister of the Plymouth Brethren sect. Of his mother, Crowley commented, "Her powerful natural instincts were suppressed by religion to the point that she became, after her husband's death, a brainless bigot." It was she who, because of her son's "lack of grace", incredibly named him "The Beast", after the man-monster of the Apocalypse, whose number is 666.

Out of this domestic pressure cooker — cauldron might be more apt — came a remarkable man: a mountaineer, a poet, a magician; finally, a legend.

He died in Hastings in December, 1947. He left a number of books (some of which were banned), several disciples, a considerable number of ladies (some wiser, many certainly sadder for their association with him) who were survivors of his band of "scarlet women", and a reputation (part real, part fabricated) for debauchery, drug addiction, sexual magic, and evil-in-general that almost justified his title of "wickedest man in the world."

The magickal powers of the Master Therion (as he also styled himself) could not have exceeded his gift for self-advertisement: he stimulated Somerset Maugham to write his second novel, "The Magician", he was the subject of numerous scurrilous articles in the British press that amounted to almost a vendetta, and he was re-incarnated by Ian Fleming as Le Chiffre in **Casino Royale.**

Anger: "Crowley's writing is superbly rational. I think he's one of the great undiscovered geniuses of the twentieth century. Of course, I've had access to a lot of things that people don't know about. A great many of his works aren't published. He wrote brilliantly perceptive essays on things like peyote back in 1902 and 1903 that have never been published. Crowley died in 1947. And I didn't get to Europe until 1950. But I knew his son and I've known several disciples."

In the introduction to his book, "Magick in theory and practice" Crowley defines magick. "It is the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will. Illustration: it is my Will to inform the World of certain facts within my knowledge. I therefore take 'magical weapons,' pen, ink, and paper; I write 'incantations' — these sentences — in the 'magical language', i.e. that which is understood by the people I wish to instruct; I call forth 'spirits' such as printers, publishers, booksellers, and so forth, and constrain them to convey my message

to those people." It is not all as simple as that, however. In Chapter XII of the same book he is discussing "Of the Bloody Sacrifice and Matters Cognate" and in XV "Of the Invocation."

Anger again in an interview in San Francisco: "I did an invocation of Aleister Crowley's — 'The Invocation of the Bornless One.' I did it in Golden Gate Park at dawn. It was the time of the autumn equinox and, as I finished it, the demon appeared in a flash of blue light. Now that flash of blue light was a ray of sunlight hitting a locket made of a butterfly wing around the neck of an escapee from NAPA. And I had this demon named Joe under my control for the three days before he split, leaving his boots behind. And during the three days while Joe was my guest, he told me a great deal that will appear in **Lucifer Rising"** (Anger's new film). "But since he had on the back of his jacket a picture of a demon — he had drawn it himself — a torso with two heads, one male and one female, I asked him what this was and he said, 'Well, I'm a man in a woman's orbit. He said he'd been sent by Lucifer. And, while he was with me, I signed a contract in blood with Lucifer and Joe disappeared with it. He behaved exactly as demons do in medieval books; and I've met others since. The problem is to zap them and film them before they get away."

Anger's most specifically magickal film to date is **Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome.**

"The film is derived from one of Crowley's dramatic rituals where people in the cult assume the identity of a god or a goddess. In other words, it's the equivalent of a masquerade party — they plan this for a whole year and on All Sabbaths Eve they come as the gods and goddesses that they have identified with and the whole thing is like an improvised happening."

Crowley wrote; "The object of them (the rituals) is almost invariably the invocation of a God, that God conceived in a more or less material and personal fashion . . . One of the great advantages of them is that a large number of persons may take part, so that there is consequently more force available; but it is important that they should all be initiates of the same mysteries, bound by the same oaths, and filled with the same aspirations . . . Such a company being prepared, the story of the God should be dramatised by a well-skilled poet accustomed to this form of composition . . . Such ceremonies should be carefully rehearsed; but in rehearsals, care should be taken to omit the climax . . . By this means one prevents the ceremony from becoming mechanical . . . and the element of surprise assists the lesser characters to get out of themselves at the supreme moment. Following the climax, there should always be an unrehearsed ceremony . . . The most satisfactory form of this is the dance. In such ceremonies, appropriate libations may be freely used."

Anger; "This is the actual thing the film is based on. In which the gods and goddesses interact and in **Pleasure Dome** it's the legend of Bacchus that's the pivotal thing and it ends with the God being torn to pieces by the Bacchantes. This is the underlying thing. But rather than using specific ritual, which would entail quite a lot of the spoken word as ritual does, I wanted to create a feeling of being carried into a world of wonder. And the use of colour and phantasy is progressive; in other words, it expands, it becomes completely subjective — like when people take communion; and one sees it through their eyes."

Anger: "I actually prefer it to be shown in private. It's the kind of film I like to show in somebody's living room. Also, it's the kind of film, since the tempo is based on oriental theatre . . . it's insinuous, insinuating; it gradually creeps along. It's quite like Kabuki in that sense."

Int.: "The version of **Pleasure Dome** shown recently in Toronto was revised, with additional material: including, I think, excerpts from the silent version of **Dante's Inferno.** And it has a new dedication."

A.: "It's dedicated to people that are . . . It's actually a film for people who have tripped."

Int.: "Why did you re-edit it?"

A.: "My films are a little like lithographs. I make one state and then put it aside. And sometimes I'll come back to them and do another version or another state. And, in this case, I always wanted to do more, to have more optical effects. And I planned them. But I just didn't have any more money. So I came back to it when I got a Ford Foundation Grant."

Int.: "When did you become interested in film, in terms of film making?"

A.: "I think it was when I was about six years old, when my grandmother took me to see Eisenstein's **Thunder Over Mexico,** the botched-up film. And it impressed me very much."

Int.: "How many films have you made?"

A.: "Well, I've actually made thirteen films. But there are only four now that I have in circulation. The earlier ones — I'm not too interested."

Int.: "Which are the four?"

A.: "**Fireworks, Eau D'Artifice, Pleasure Dome** and **Scorpio Rising**" (1947, 1953, 1954 and 1963 respectively).

Int.: "What about **Kustom Kar Kommandos**?"

A.: "It's not finished. I had a death in the cast that stopped it. In fact, the leading actor in **Scorpio** is now dead. The film was like a psychodrama projection of what would happen. And he really did kill himself riding."

Int.: "And **Puce Moment**?"

A.: "I've withdrawn it. A lot of these films were tragedies at the time. I would begin a film and be optimistic about finding money but I

never would. And I'd exhaust my own resources and then I'd just have to let it drop. I was doing a film on Hollywood. It was to be called **Puce Women** and it was a study of a dozen star types; Hollywood celebrities of the twenties. There was a Clara Bow type, a Barbara LaMarr type and so forth. And I was recreating these with other girls I found. The settings were the homes of Clara Bow, Barbara LaMarr and so forth. And that whole section of Hollywood now doesn't exist. It was a hill called Whitney Heights where Valentino had his first home, and Harold Lloyd. They were all built in Spanish Moorish Fantasy architecture. But the whole hill was bulldozed away to make way for a freeway. And all the homes were just smashed, leaving not a trace of them."

Int.: "Are there other films you've been unable to complete?"

A.: "I was working on a film in France, based on 'Histoire d'O', and I got part of that done but I had to lay it aside."

Int.: "Can you tell us about **Eaux d'Artifice**? I find it a strange film, quite unlike your others"

A.: "Well, one summer, I was living in Italy and I was very taken with that garden and I was determined to have it all to myself. So I went through the red tape with the Department of Antiquities to get permission to block it off during certain parts of the day, so I could film in it. It's the Villa D'Este in Tivoli."

Int.: "Who played the woman?"

A.: "Well, that's actually a little dwarf whom I found in a carnival. I wanted either a child or a dwarf to recreate the feeling of Piranesi's etchings of the garden. He did this with all his romantic etchings of ruins; he put in little, tiny people to make them seem much more grandiose."

Int.: "I was curious, looking at Warhol's **Vinyl,** if you feel free to show exactly what you want, in your films, as explicitly as you want. Or if you are inhibited by certain pressures or —?"

A.: "No. It's how I feel they should be. I've never had any pressures: I've had . . . trouble with some labs that didn't want to return some footage once or twice. But never anything too serious. They're quite like I wanted them to be. Except from a budget standpoint."

Int.: "What has been your most expensive film? **Pleasure Dome**?"

A.: "Yes. It comes to about ten thousand. American dollars. It was made in Hollywood. I did everything myself. The setting and costumes were supplied by friends and we all made everything ourselves."

Int.: "How do you finance your films?"

A.: "Well, the only outside help I've had to date has been from the Ford Foundation. One grant. But everything else I've financed myself. And actually, it may sound a little callous, but my films have been financed by some relatives dying. I've had a couple of small inheritances and I shocked the family by cashing my bonds and making films instead of . . . Unfortunately all the relatives that have any sympathy for me passed on."

Int.: "Is your new film, **Lucifer Rising,** related in any way to **Scorpio**?"

A.: "Well, it's the answer to **Scorpio,** because **Scorpio**'s a thanatic vision of America, thanatic meaning . . . death — thanatos, the death image. And Lucifer is the god of beauty and light, It's not at all the Christian concept of Satan. And the new film is — I call it a love vision. And it's my view of the hippies in America, specifically in California. But it's not a documentary; the whole thing takes place in the fourth dimension. I'd like to finish it in time for the Brussels Experimental Film Festival" (where **Inauguration** won the L'Age D'Or Award) "which is the end of the year. But I doubt very much that I'll be able to. I plan to finish shooting this summer

but I'll have a lot of mixing and sound problems."

Int.: "Are your films conventionally scripted?"

A.: "Well, the theme is very clearly established and where I want the film to go. But my scripts are in the form of a large wall with sort of hieroglyphic clues all over it. And if I want, say, a colour to appear at a certain moment I put up little pieces of that colour on the wall. And I plan my way through it that way. Rhythmically, too. It's more like a musical score; no one can read it but me."

Int: "Your book has been widely read, however."

A.: "You mean 'Hollywood Babylon'? It's a pirated version of my French book. I've tried to sue the publisher but, unfortunately, he doesn't exist: he has a synthetic address in Phoenix. In France it's a picture book, a tongue-in-cheek history of Hollywood. All the charm is gone out of it and all they've done is to make it as sensational as possible."

Int.: "Are you interested in making what people call feature films, story films?"

A.: "Well, I've actually written a script for a life of Aleister Crowley which is concentrating on one particular episode in his life but which really encompasses his whole life and that would require, since it's a dialogue film and everything, a lot of things that I don't have."

Int.: "Which part of his life?"

A.: "It's the episode in Sicily. He founded an abbey and had a series of misadventures. It's a very colourful episode. I lived in the abbey — I went to Cefalu and found the ruin of his house and spent three months scraping the walls. Mussolini's police expelled him from it after there were sensational articles about him in the papers about having a love cult and so forth. And then Crowley's frescoes (which were a little bit like D.H. Lawrence's water colours; very frank, erotic things — very decorative too) were all covered with whitewash, and in twenty years it had turned to stone. So I had to find out the technique to remove this. I soaked the walls in diluted acid and then scrubbed them. It all came out just fine, beautiful . . . And I was able to take colour slides of all the rooms. It was terrible work, but worth it."

Int.: "Where do you go from here?"

A.: "Well, I don't know. It's taken me a long time to get where I am now. And I guess it's been worth it because when I first started it was just a matter of . . . I made a few films for myself and for a few friends. Now I have more people seeing my films than some poets. A poet will, in a small magazine, count on a few hundred people to read his work. I've thousands of people. I don't want more necessarily. I don't want the big jump, which would be into the commercial circuits. I'd prefer what in America are called Art Houses. I have about what I want now. T.O.

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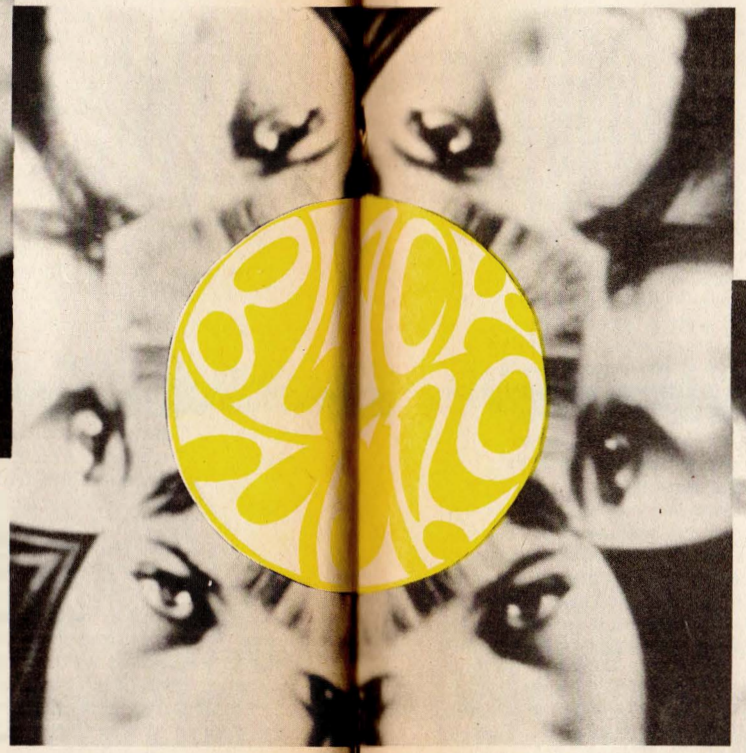

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UNDERSTANDING THE ELEPHANT

DON GORDON jr.

THAT BOX

With somewhat startling suddenness, during the last decade Canada has come to possess experts in most of the arts and crafts involved in communication. Technicians, writers, producers and editors, performers and experimenters, are all available from domestic resources in reasonable abundance. We even have a creditably impressive overlay of administrative talent able to mount pomposities and snarl procedures to international standards. And, of course, political ferrets have popped from their lairs to volunteer legislation, investigation and procrastination in ample measure.

What we don't have, however, is either a sense or policy for the whole. The great elephant of communication itself is still only perceived in terms of its parts with loyalties, ambitions, rules and assumptions largely confined to the area of the individual organ. Even our tentative approaches to description have tended to derive from designs and characteristics of components rather than formats of the whole.

At the same time, it is only fair to concede that the consequences of seeing the elephant as a leg or a trunk or a tail have not yet been too serious. The communication elephant hasn't been quite big enough or noisy enough to dominate the landscape. The parts were articulated independently enough to seem persuasively self-contained. Alternative animals — such as the church, the Rotary, smoking cars and, on occasion, blissful isolation — could keep the elephant under loose control. The tender shoots — or a fair portion of the tender shoots — of our identity, culture and independence of mind escaped the elephant's maw and digestive system. In effect, we ended up with a sufficient assortment of nibblings and droppings to allow for a reasonable life cycle and reasonably verdant individual growth.

Within the very near future, however, these safe circumstances are likely to change. We have already seen a decline among alternative animals (what politician or communicator really worries about the IODE, for example). We are witnessing some successful integrations among parts (ownership and direction encompassing magazines, newspapers, radio and TV, for example). And the elephant itself is growing and growing. It is not nearly as far-fetched as it used to be to envisage a Canadian landscape dominated by a solitary surviving elephant with Canadian people tied to it as rather unhealthy partners, both providing support (diet) and relying upon it for sustenance (droppings).

So, as a last gasp before abandoning this elephantine analogy, it seems reasonable now to argue that some consideration be given to pure food and sanitation laws sufficient to deal with the activities of the whole communication elephant and wide-ranging enough to deal with those circumstances where 'Elephant Keep Out' and 'Elephant Welcome Here' signs are necessary (perhaps a rapid-reading course for the elephant would help too—but that is another story).

Right away, it is clear that any undertaking purporting to actually set out a communication policy overall offers room for fresh thought and discovery. It demands definitions, challenges imaginations and promises — if soundly built — very necessary protection of all of us from excesses and absences of many kinds.

For a start, we have to change our narrow conceptions of what comprises communication. In addition to the usual grab-bag of newspaper—magazine—radio—tv, we need to add in other activities whenever and however they are relevant. Public and, presumably, persuasive intercourse of all kinds then becomes a part of communication to the extent that attitudes, ideas

and identities are touched. So you consider lecture circuits, telephone networks (and phone company adjuncts to the standard media), outdoor advertising, school curricula, cable systems ostensibly closed circuit, mass spectator sports, the 'pop' world and so on.

Then, you ask yourself what on earth to do with them. Any reasonably comprehensive aggregate makes it clear that tremendously important patterns of emphasis and obfuscation tend to be built into contemporary communication. At one end of the scale we worship the motor car in part because the motor car is communicated to us — nay, bludgeoned upon us — at virtually every point across the communication spectrum. At the other end of the scale, we practically never bother with research on genetic nuclei because it can't be put on a billboard, set to music, printed on a T-shirt or written into a situation comedy.

This suggests, then, that social utility or some reasonable facsimile requires outer limits. Emphasis and obfuscation should not be allowed to get so out of whack with real social needs as to do us harm. When it is proposed to pave the Prairies ("We switch you now to ManSaska Ta-Sport for the finals in the Aramco 2000") to relieve a rush hour or to drop the National News because of a low rating (with or without Stanley), it is likely that few would murmur too much about someone calling a halt.

But, naturally, we are all terribly suspicious about **who** is to possess the whistle and striped shirt. (After all, how many Ouimets would a Watson employ?)

And this, in my view, is where the real problem probably lies right now.

As matters are progressing at the moment, far too few of the people involved in communication directly are involved in thinking about, proposing, or promoting decisions on the question of who the stewards of communication are to be. There's lots of talk about individual organs and organizations, but precious little about the whole.

Equally, it is sadly true that apart from head counts and a few private surveys of varying validity, little is being done about consulting with audiences. You can't call a Riding Association, a Convention or the incestuous cells of Toronto representative or even relevant in this sense. And of course you never get a peep out of those thousands who opt or drop out either.

As a result, we lie in danger right now of having policy determined for a combination of political and accidental reasons by a relative handful of partly informed people.

We probably can't do very much about the 'out there' crowd. But we can do a lot about the 'in there' one. Regardless of party, it would be unfortunate if we were to get the equivalent of a Barrie TV decision applied to communication as a whole. And, we'll get such decisions if we continue to sit about. T.O.

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BONNIE AND CLYDE
private morality & public violence
ARTHUR PENN

I don't think the original Bonnie and Clyde are very important except insofar as they motivated the writing of a script and our making of the movie. Whether they are violent or not violent, whether we are sympathetic to them or not sympathetic, doesn't matter. They were a part of an event, they were there when it was happening. So we hung our movie on them, but we don't confine it to them. This is not a case study of Bonnie and Clyde: we don't go into them in any kind of depth. They were the outlaws, they were the sports of nature, they were thrown off by the events of their day, and they did something about it.

At that time, there was no national police force: they were all state-confined police forces. When Ford made the V-8, which was sufficiently powerful to out-run the local police automobiles, gangs began to spring up. And that was literally the genesis of the Clyde and Bonnie gang. What happened was that they lived in their automobile — it was not unusual for them to drive seven and eight hundred miles in a night, in one of those old automobiles. They literally spent their lives in the confines of the car. It was really where they lived. Bonnie wrote her poetry in the car, they ate ginger snaps in the car, they played checkers in the car — that was their place of abode. In American Western mythology, the automobile replaced the horse in terms of the renegade figure. This was the transformation of the Western into the gangster.

Meanwhile, these very rural people were suffering the terrors of a depression, which resulted in families being up-rooted, farms being foreclosed, homes being taken away, by the banks, the **establishment** of their world, which in part was represented by the police. In the context of our film, Bonnie and Clyde found themselves obliged to fulfill some kind of role which put them in the position of being folk heroes — violators of the status quo. Retaliators for the people. And, in that context, one finds oneself rooting for them and, unfortunately, we find ourselves confronted with the terrible irony that we root for somebody for a relatively good cause who, in the course of that good cause, is called upon to commit acts of violence which repel us.

When a man is in authority — in uniform (I'm now quoting Mack Sennett) it's twice as funny when he slips on a banana peel than when he isn't. And that seems to me to be the essence of what we are dealing with here — which was that violence directed against other people (let us say other people who shared Bonnie and Clyde's given social status) would not be funny — it would not be that hidden Freudian impulse in all of us which is to, somehow, bring the forces of authority at least one rung down the ladder. And if, in this case, Bonnie and Clyde brought them several rungs down the ladder, it was, perforce, funny. It's regrettable that we find it funny,

but it's funny. When the President says something rather banal, it's funny. When somebody else says it, it's not very funny.

I don't think it is funny to see the policemen killed, although that doesn't mean there isn't a funny result visible in rather horrible things. I went through a long war, which was rather horrible and funny. There is no question about it: the character of humour in violence is an immediate and constant correlative. They are there, and they are there in almost equal quantities — that was my personal experience. In the films we were attempting to recreate that. The murders get less and less funny, and more and more particular because they begin to be identified with the murderers and, in that sense, we begin to understand the motivation for the murder. The killing gets less impersonal and, consequently, less funny.

With respect to **Bonnie and Clyde** and my other films **(The Left-Handed Gun, The Miracle Worker, Mickey One, The Chase),** I would have to say that I think violence is a part of the American character. It began with the Western, the frontier. America is a country of people who act out their views in violent ways — there is not a strong tradition of persuasion, of ideation, and of law.

Let's face it: Kennedy was shot. We're in Vietnam, shooting people and getting shot. We have not been out of a war for any period of time in my life-time. Gangsters were flourishing during my youth, I was in the war at age 18, then came Korea, now comes Vietnam. We have a violent society. It's not Greece, it's not Athens, it's not the Renaissance — it is the American society, and I would have to personify it by saying that it is a violent one. So why not make films about it.

I don't think one has to make a pre-judgement and say that, because I have strong pacifist tendencies, I must therefore report only pacifist behaviour. I think that would be hypocritical. In point of fact, being of a pacifist character or nature perhaps makes me more acutely aware of the character of violence as practiced among human beings, and it somehow interests me more. I find myself drawn to demonstrating it — to dealing with it. Maybe because I'm a coward: I mean, I wouldn't do any of these things — I don't like to fight, but I am intrigued by watching people fight and seeing it happen.

What I meant in **Mickey One,** for instance, was that we live in a violent time — we make a kind of bargain with violence in our own lifetime. We are in a violent era. And I have to emphasize that I don't mean "violence" only pejoratively — not only in its negative aspects. It's violent to get in an airplane and be in Montreal in an hour — it's a violent experience, it's an assault on the senses. It's an assault on the senses to get in an automobile and drive: it's an assault on the senses

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to do so many of the things that we do. It is the character of the modern world.

This is something that is really taking place in this society that people are not talking about, but that everyone is cognizant of. In the same way, we have all this stuff about pot and about LSD — all the mind-expanding drugs — all of that is going on. The cinema is always ten years behind the times. Cinema doesn't deal with it and yet kids thirteen and fourteen are talking about it — they're smoking pot. Let's face it: it should be dealt with, it's a part of the mores and customs of our time.

I'm getting less interested in the stage and more interested in the cinema. The Broadway stage is designed for a tiny little audience which can afford to pay ten dollars to go to see **How to Succeed in Business.** They consequently, are not a serious audience — one does not do serious work there. That doesn't mean that it's not a nice place to work, because you can make a good living there while you go out and make movies that don't necessarily make a lot of money.

Let's face it, there are no serious plays on Broadway. The so-called serious play has the air of being stately and literary, but it does not really assault any of the fundamental values of its audience. Movies do — they move in on a highly personal level in the way that a book or a poem does. Plays don't do that. If we were dependent upon that audience that goes to Broadway, we would all be disappearing into one little frame of film in about five years — I mean, the theatre in New York is disappearing into the musical comedy, and that's it. You go in there, work for six or seven weeks — if the thing is a hit, you get a royalty for the rest of the run. Then you go off and make a movie.

There is a body of history and mythology about Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow which includes various estimates of their sexuality. We chose, among other things, the characteristic of **relative** impotence in Clyde as a condition not dissimilar from what my personal sense is of what their life was like in that period in the Southwest. It's a peculiarly puritanical society — a peculiarly rigid, moralistic society — and we were trying to distinguish between the rigid morality which could very well render somebody impotent at the interior, private level while at the same time he could exceed all limits of external morality and still feel at one with himself. It seems to me not too uncharacteristic of some of the things that are visible in the south of the United States today: a church-going, highly moralistic, highly puritanical society, which has integrated and made a part of itself a kind of violence against other human beings which, viewed from the outside, seems absolutely intolerable. It was that kind of disparity — between a private rigidity and a public violence — which we were trying to delineate in the film.

T.O.

HOMBRE

U.S.A. 1967. Produced by Martin Ritt and Irving Ravetch. Directed by Martin Ritt., screenplay by Irving Ravetch, based on the novel by Elmore Leonard. Photography, James Wong Howe. Music, David Rose. Cast: Paul Newman, Frederic March, Richard Boone, Diane Cilento, Martin Balsam and Barbara Rush. Twentieth Century-Fox release; 110 min. colour.

Hombre had a short stint in Montreal, replaced after a few weeks by a dirty film called **A Guide for the Married Man** — wistfully priapic — **mariage,** as it were, **à la commode**

Which is a pity. **Hombre** is one of the more serious films on the circuit. (It is also a subversive movie and if I were M. Gabias . . .) Director Martin Ritt quite clearly expects the title to be invested with the same kind of universal significance as the other Man-type come-ons in evidence these days — Provider, Creator, Producer and so on. What's outstanding about **Hombre,** however, is precisely its avoidance of the mind of midcult humanistic **données** that spread like tired blancmange over Expo's Theme Pavilions.

For **Hombre** is Man the Avenger, a moral and moralizing fable about the uses of violence — more concretely, the uses of necessary violence— in a racist society. Not then an abstract typology along anatomy-of-violence lines, but real events in actual surroundings. Not Man and his World, with social conceptualization blurred by the tyranny of the future, but the world of men, social sense heightened by the tyranny of the present.

Hombre, of course, is a Western and much has been written in recent years — most successfully in the fifties by the late André Bazin — on the miraculous viability of this dramatic form. The plaudits are well-deserved: Richard Brook's **The Professionals** and Lillian Hellman's screenplay for Spiegel's **The Chase** are recent examples of the way in which the genre lends itself so readily to continual allegory of the way we live now. If there is one country well-served by indigenous myth, it is surely America.

The convention in this instance is that of the journey — as old as Quixote, as modern as the Ship of Fools. In **Hombre** the travellers are thrown together on a stagecoach and long before the end of their painful odyssey, we are aware that we are living out the modern American experience, Watts and all.

Paul Newman is John Russell, a white man raised since boyhood as an Apache, now a reluctant returner to the straight world in which he's inherited property. "Put yourself on the right side for a while," pleads Mendez — names in **Hombre** tend to be loaded — the Mexican Uncle Tom who spends his life playing along with Whitey. ("If you ask why I lend myself to this, it's a habit, a lifetime habit.")

The ride through history is joined by one Dr. Favor, played with dogged intensity by Frederic March, the agent in charge of Indian affairs, who together with his posh wife are retiring to luxury with the money that, over the years of his stewardship, he has systematically withheld from the starving Apaches. Needless to say, the way West being what it was, the stagecoach is held up and the money, as well as the beautifully-groomed but sexually-disappointed Mrs. Favor ("When he was 18, the doctor used to read Browning to me; now he's 55 and I hear him coughing up phlegm.") is borne off by a bad man called Grimes, played with mustachioed verve by Paladin Richard Boone.

Blood and bullets hail before the loot gets back to Russell. But Mrs. Favor remains as a hostage. From here in, the moral conundrum is set: should this silly woman be sacrificed so that the Apaches may have what was taken from them? Or, if she is to be saved, who's going to do it?

Some apology is perhaps in order for listing the plotpoints in detail. Yet the complexity of the storyline parallels the complexity of the philosophical and ultimately theological question to which **Hombre** addresses itself: the problem of evil, which Auden with hard-nosed accuracy described as "the concupiscence of the oppressor."

For Russell argues thus: any attempt to trade the money for the woman will result in losing both — and getting killed in the process. And none of his fellow travellers has the moral or physical equipment to solve the contradiction between the demands of humanity and the demands of social justice. **Hombre** poses the classic liberal dilemma: what freedom is to be given to the enemies of freedom?

And solves it without resort to the runaround. To save the Apaches — and the woman — is to opt for sacrifice, revolutionary sacrifice. And it is **Hombre,** John Russell, the Universal Man, who has to make it. Freedom is still the knowledge of necessity, the bleak continuum from Spartacus through Gethsemane to Malcolm X.

Louis Dudek, in a recent article on modern poetry, referred to **Hombre** as an example of how artists in film try to grapple with man-in-society. Surely a more generous observation than that of the critics who archly dismissed it as yet another exercise in Newman's message-oriented movies. At a time when the content of various art forms is being subsumed under a welter of metaphysics from Marshall You-Know-Who, **Hombre** comes as a welcome addendum to that great tradition stretching from Melville to Robert Lowell, in which America searches for itself.

Patrick MacFadden

THE DIRTY DOZEN

Producer: Kenneth Hyman. Director: Robert Aldrich. Screenplay: Nunnally Johnson and Lukas Heller (from the novel by E.M. Nathanson). Cast: Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Charles Bronson, Jim Brown, John Cassavetes, Richard Jaeckel, Trini Lopez, Robert Ryan, Clint Walker. Shot in 35mm; shown in 70mm. Rotten colour by Metrocolour. Distributor: MGM.

The Dirty Dozen is a violent action movie that succeeds chiefly because most of the cast manages to bring alive the stereo-typed characters whom they portray. (One might expect good performances from Cassavetes, Bronson and Jaeckel, but even Jim Brown and Clint Walker impress.) Though it might easily be dismissed as a "better than average action pic", **Dozen** is something more: a disturbing film which raises a number of questions (moral and aesthetic). For example:

1—Why is the film so schizophrenic? At times (eg. the pre-title sequence) it makes the violence look horribly real, while at other times violence is used for comic relief and there is a suggestion that violence is a solution for practically everything. When the good guys come upon the Nazi generals, they don't open fire, presumably because they are afraid of hitting the women present — but later, they burn them all to death anyway. Even as they are about to ignite the fire in the air-raid shelter where the Germans are trapped, the Americans seem to be horrified by what they are doing — but, when they finally do it, it is done with a great deal of relish. Is this shizoid attitude of the characters meant to reflect that of the film (or its makers)?

2—Is the air-raid shelter where the Germans are trapped meant to resemble as closely as it does a primitive WWII gas chamber? And are the shelter's signs, warning of ammonia, meant to suggest that the Germans will be gassed as well as burnt? And why does no one in the film mention the ammonia although there are several ominous shots of the signs?

3—Why has **The Dirty Dozen** been so much more popular with both American and Canadian female critics (who see the film as simply a good action/violence picture with the emphasis on violence) than it has with their male confreres?

4—Is McLuhan right when he says that there are no anti-war movies — that, because of the nature of the medium, films can only glorify violence?

5—Is Bruce Martin right when he says that there are no anti-war or pro-war movies — just anti-war or pro-war audiences?

6—Why would the producer of **The Hill** and the director of **Attack** make a film like **Dozen**? Does Hyman make a movie like **The Hill** just because he thinks that an anti-military film might be profitable (especially if it stars Sean Connery), or does he believe at least some of what seemed to be **The Hill's** "message"? If so, why would he produce **The Dirty Dozen**, which in many ways makes attractive the militarism which **The Hill** attacked? (Lee Marvin is the true authoritarian figure: he can beat up everyone else on the screen.) And did Aldrich put any of his own feelings and ideas into **Attack** (where Lee Marvin plays an officer not very different from that in **Dozen** — there as the villain)?

7—Did someone else have control over the final cut of the film, or did Hyman and/or Aldrich sell-out on their own accord in the belief that, with an expensive film on their hands, they had to play it safe and gloss over any anti-war or anti-military sentiments that might prove controversial — especially at a time when the neo-McCarthyists have made "peace" a dirty word? Someone certainly sold out somewhere — probably when the film was at the editing stage, with most of the cuts being made near the movie's end. There is, for example, a very brief shot of the chateau's French servants returning to the building which the Americans are about to destroy, but no mention is made of them. And, in the film's last scene, Jaeckel appears about to cry, but never has a chance to articulate his feelings — rather, there is an abrupt cut to Bronson who jokes about how killing generals could get to be a habit. The film thus ends on an anti-establishment note tempered by a joke making light of all the violence which has taken place.

8—If Aldrich did have complete control over **The Dirty Dozen**, then whatever happened to Robert Aldrich?

Joe Medjuck

THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

Directed and produced by Roger Corman. Screenplay by Howard Browne. Photography: Milton Krasner. Editor: William B. Murphy. Stars: Jason Robards, George Segal, Ralph Meeker and Jean Hale.

Anticipation, puzzlement, disappointment: that is roughly the sequence of reactions to Roger Corman's new film. Anticipation because this is Corman's first "big" film, done with all the financial and technical resources of a major studio. Puzzlement because one wonders why Corman wanted to do this film in the first place, indeed, if he wanted to do it at all. Disappointment because, burdened with the time-worn melodrama of the story, Corman has managed only to turn out a kind of better-than-average, feature-length **Untouchables.**

The comparison is inevitable, I'm afraid, and although **The St. Valentine's Day Massacre** is a lot smoother, it is in substance not terribly different from the old bootleg-and-bullets TV show. To be sure, there are several more or less typical Corman scenes, the kind of thing we have come to expect from this director who has so sturdily upheld (and occasionally surpassed) the honorable tradition of the B film. Mostly, though, it's the same old Roaring 20's stuff about a lot of gentlemen of Italian extraction causing each other grief.

Scriptwriter Howard Browne has opted for portraying the massacre by concentrating on the two dozen or so hoods directly involved with it, trying one assumes, to lend the film an air of reality by working within a pseudo-documentary format. Unfortunately, the multi-character approach is not only confusing at times, but completely undercuts any dramatic involvement the story might ever have had.

Corman, for his part, attacks the screenplay in a fashion indicating that he may have realized its inadequacies. He has (wisely, I think) recreated several scenes from the **Public Enemy — Scarface — Little Caesar** school, then played subtle variations on them. There is a fine, blackly (almost perversely) funny scene involving a pier six brawl between gunman Pete Gusenberg and his mistress, beginning with Gusenberg pushing his BLT sandwich right, as they say, in the moll's mug. Memories of grapefruit? Exactly, and Corman carries us along from there. Vases fly, radios are smashed, eyes are blackened, until the antagonists find themselves struggling on their Hollywood bed. A pause. A lascivious grin from Gusenberg. He bends over for a kiss — and gets a swift knee directly below the breadbasket.

It's a nice director's joke, with George Segal (as Gusenberg) revealing a fine sense of comedy, and Corman shooting it for all it's worth with a hand-held camera. There is also some nice Corman-Segal business involving cars. No screeching tires, revving motors and two wheel turns in this film. Just Segal stepping out of a phony cop car (gangs were very well supplied in those days), going down on one knee, shooting up a restaurant with his tommy gun, then coolly stepping back into the waiting car, which drives slowly, almost regally away. Corman uses this same business several times, but he does it quickly, seeming almost to brush it off.

Ultimately, Corman cannot fight his script. This is a film of nice touches but no real substance. As one might suppose, the scenes of violence are handled with a brutal thoroughness, culminating in the massacre itself, which Corman turns into an effective director's piece replete with quick, gory close-ups and a bullet-riddled water pipe spraying its contents over the seven corpses, diluting and washing the blood all over the bodies. The scenes which build up to the violence are mostly boring, rather shaky bridges between murders, and are directed with an air of indifference. If there was ever any doubt about it, **Massacre** certainly confirms that Corman finds his fullest expression as an action director.

What comes as the greatest surprise is Corman's work with actors. Perhaps we should have expected it from the Karloff films, for here Corman demonstrates a good sense of timing and an excellent eye for a kind of sardonic character detail, like Capone's business with his hatbrim and cigar. George Segal is as good, and in spots like the fight with the mistress, even better than I've ever seen him.

The film's plum part, of course, is the Al Capone character, played to the hilt, or, rather, the shoulder holster, by Jason Robards, who is obviously having the time of his life. Of all the actors I've seen in this role (including Paul Muni, Neville Brand and Rod Steiger), only Robards has managed to make Capone human and believable, an accomplishment that old scarface

himself might have envied. Robards is alternately (and successfully) Italian peasant, vengeful friend, nouveau riche businessman and homocidal maniac, and for a feeling of sheer blood-chilling ruthlessness, I commend Robards's reading of the line "I want that Irish son of a bitch stopped!" Almost good enough to scare you into doing the job yourself.

But we had, finally, hoped for more, something beyond good performances and the technical thoroughness and staccato rhythms of a Don Siegel. The melancholy question to ask now is, will we ever get it? Corman's two British Poe films were major additions to a minor genre; **Massacre** for all its competence, is generally an uninspiring work. If Corman ever does do a major project, like his proposed biography of Robert E. Lee with Richard Burton, will he be able to carry it off? Or will he forever remain the promising craftsman? Far from offering any answers, **The St. Valentine's Day Massacre** merely raises these old questions again, and with new vigor.

Jay Cocks

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

Producer: Walter Mirisch. Director: Norman Jewison. Screenplay: Stirling Silliphant (based on the novel by John Ball). Director of Photography: Haskell Wexler. Musical Score: Quincy Jones. Cast: Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger, Warren Oates, Lee Grant, James Patterson, Quentin Dean, Larry Gates. Released through United Artists.

When Mrs. Venables and her damned son, Sebastian (in Tennessee Williams' **Suddenly Last Summer**), visited the Encantadas, the Enchanted Isles, they saw more than Herman Melville's description lead them to expect, more than a group of huge cinder heaps in the ocean. They saw the tiny, newly-hatched sea turtles scramble down the beach to the safety of the sea, and they saw the screaming, flesh-eating birds dip down, tip over the terrified creatures, and rip their guts out.

That the turtles were black and the ferocious sea birds white is scarcely coincidental.

In Norman Jewison's **In the Heat of the Night**, the whites are still tearing at the blacks. But there seems room for optimism. For the film is about the development of a relationship, an understanding, between a southern sheriff (Rod Steiger) and a northern, negro policeman (Sidney Poitier).

The film, in fact, is the best-intentioned kind of propaganda. And, I'm told, because it makes people laugh, it is effective propaganda.

Mind you, it loads the scales in favour of itself. Poitier is handsome, restrained, courageous, polite, sympathetic, honest, and even a tiny bit bigoted; he is, for all intents and purposes — certainly from Steiger's point of view — a white man with a black skin. So what happens in the course of the movie is that the sheriff (and, with him, whatever bigotry there is in each of us) comes to tolerate and admire to a degree one specific, salt-of-the-earth negro. Which is in one sense a radical breakthrough; but in real terms is almost nothing at all. And to accomplish even this, Poitier has to endure an ordeal of terror and violence; and solve the case.

In the Heat of the Night is a humorous detective adventure about nothing more or less than the right to survive.

It is about justice, injustice and non-justice. There are three false arrests in the film (the charge is murder!). The first one is a little frightening; the second is mildly amusing; the third is openly funny. Which is propaganda for what?

There is one extraordinary, telling shot in the film. It is of a slender, fragile cotton stem being devoured and smashed by a giant picking machine. The double-edged analogy is cogent, whether one interprets it as the implacable, economic exploitation of a resource or the destruction of a beautiful, indeed an enchanted, way of life — of white colonial mansions, exotic orchids and Rhet Butler. But this shot is an exception. And probably a fortuitous one.

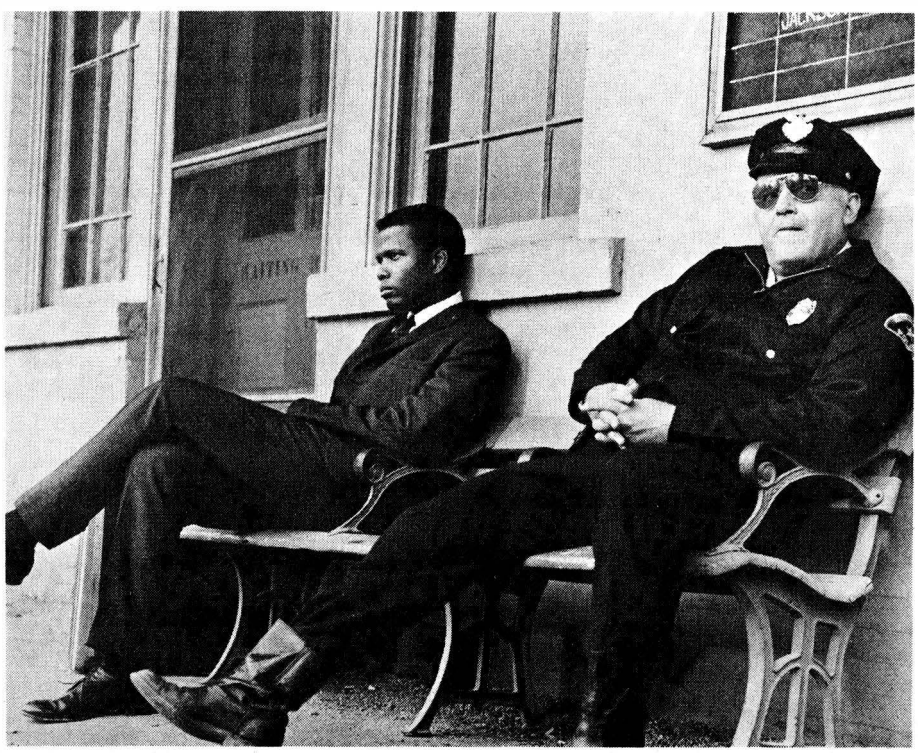
So I'm obliged to say that I find **In the Heat of the Night** dangerously condescending and appeasingly optimistic.

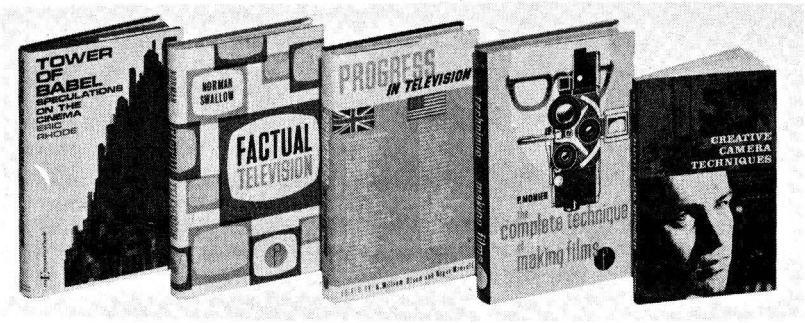
Technically, the film is thoroughly well made. There are a few sequences in which the elements are manipulated to create exciting cinema rather than revealing drama. But the shooting is generally conservatively handsome, the script very well written and the whole thing assembled with fetching economy and speed. The acting of Steiger and Poitier is notable, particularly that of Steiger who makes the very best (but not too much) of a plummy part. So, too, is the performance of an eccentric restaurant keeper, even if he draws rather heavily on Anthony Perkins' Norman Bates in **Psycho**. In fact, all the small parts are well cast and directed in the traditional Jewison fashion.

Towards the end of the film, one fairly essential clue seems to be missing (at least, no one I spoke to had come across it); and there is an unexplained (but quite circumstantial) sprig of orchid-rooting material left hanging. However, as a detective story—if you can suspend your scruples as I found I almost could—**In the Heat of the Night** is excellent entertainment.

But I hope that someone may yet find a middle road between this kind of speciousness and Williams' furious nihilism. Goodness knows, it could be the most therapeutic kind of drama. Meanwhile, the riots, the murders, the assaults, the wrongful imprisonments, the terrorism continue.

Bruce Martin





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CREDITS

Jay Cocks is regular film reviewer for a large American consumer magazine.

Alan Collins, director of **Jenny** and **This Sort of Life,** is currently an editor for the program "TBA".

Bob Cowan, Toronto-born, has made nine films (the latest: **Soul Freeze)** and is, among other things, projectionist at the Film-Makers' Cinémathèque in New York.

Clive Denton is presently program director for the National Film Theatre in Toronto, a producer with CBC radio, a free lance writer on film, and a Susan Hayward afficionado.

Donald Gordon Jr., well-known broadcaster, is now Associate Professor of Political Science at Waterloo University. He is also a member of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, as well as of the Consultative Committee on Programming for the Board of Broadcast Governors.

John Hofsess, whose **Palace of Pleasure** was recently completed, has just been appointed General Manager of New York's Film-Makers' Cinémathèque.

Nick Kolodka (to whom we owe the illustrations for "Film as Guerilla Warfare") is entering his final year as a Fine Arts student at McGill University.

Patrick MacFadden, Associate Editor of TAKE ONE, is following the doctoral program in history at Columbia University. This summer, he has been host of "Sights and Sounds" on the CBC network.

Bruce Martin is a film maker and film systems consultant.

Joe Medjuck, Associate Editor of TAKE ONE, is taking his doctorate at the University of Toronto's Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama.

Peter Morris is Curator of the Canadian Film Archives in Ottawa.

Don Owen's films include: **The Runner, Toronto Jazz, High Steel, You Don't Back Down, Nobody Waved Good-Bye,** and **Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail.** His latest feature, **The Ernie Game,** is to be premiered this fall.

Robert Russel has directed film for both the CBC and the National Film Board, and is now a consultant in communications and in technology.

Mark Slade is Screen Education Officer of the National Film Board and, once again, Chairman of the NFB's Summer Institute.

Patrick Straram is Canadian correspondent of Cahiers du Cinéma. He also writes on film for Le Magazine MacLean, Sept Jours and TV Hebdo.

Vittorio (designer of this issue's cover) is a Montreal artist probably best known for his work in posters.

FEED BACK

After reading Mr. Denton's review of **Au Hasard Balthazar (Take One,** Vol. 1, No. 5), I couldn't help wondering why he bothered to write it. I noted, with admiration, that he didn't feel he could analyse the film after one viewing. However, after lavishing such praise on Bresson, one would think that he'd make it a point to see the film again . . .

Rick John Harris,
London School of Film Technique

Earlier this week I was fortunate enough to pick up a copy of **Take One** and I found John Hofsess' article, "Towards a New Voluptuary" . . .

His idea of using films as a form of self-therapy is great: I often try the same idea with books — bibliotherapy. I suggest to some of the disturbed executives I work with that they read some titles I suggest . . . and they are never the same — they actually indicate the strange fact that they are finding fun in some of their duties . . .

Bill Lindh,
Litchfield, Conn.

I hesitate to take issue with a friend, particularly one as knowledgable as Clive Denton, but I think he is less than fair to MGM when he says **(Take One, Vol. 1, No. 4)** "Leo the Lion was always wary of real artists". I'm fully aware of the difficulties some of the people listed hereunder had with this company; nevertheless let's not forget that, whatever its shortcomings, this firm has, from time to time, produced and/or distributed the work (sometimes very outstanding work) of the following real artists:

Erich von Stroheim, Ernst Lubitsch, Victor Seastrom, King Vidor, Fritz Lang, F.W. Murnau, George Cukor, Vincente Minnelli, Josef von Sternberg, Buster Keaton, the Marx Bros., Laurel and Hardy, Jacques Becker, Benjamin Cristensen, Tod Browning, Michelangelo Antonioni, John Huston, John Ford, George Stevens, Rex Ingram, Fred Zinnemann, Howard Hawks — dare one add, in consideration of their best work, Carol Reed, David Lean, Stanley Donen?

G.G. Patterson
Toronto

TORONTO LETTER

BY ALAN COLLINS

Two Toronto film makers currently riding high are Al Guest and Julius Kohany. The Guest Group has landed a million-dollar contract from Krantz Films of New York to produce a 52-segment 1/2 hour cartoon series. Kohany's new short feature **Teddy** is being sought for theatrical release by Odeon Theatres of Canada and United Artists in the States. Visiting the Guest Company, one is struck by the feverish activity of the place and lack of bureaucracy and protocol usually found in large organizations. Animators have been brought in from all over the world to work on the new series. Almost all of the 120 employees are engaged in creative work, many of them have shares in the business. Office work is handled personally by Al Guest and his wife. The company is already producing live-action commercials and industrial films and plans to go on to features next spring.

Julius Kohany, young, self-taught, freelance director, has produced a sucession of international-award-winning shorts, and is optimistic about the prospects for producing features in Toronto. At 27 minutes, his new 35mm film **Teddy** is just the right length to go in double bill with one of the lengthier Hollywood epics. The film cost $11,000 to make and the money was raised by investors each buying one or more $50 shares in the picture.

In the past few months in Toronto, the Canadian Underground has begun to break the surface. The Canadian Film-makers' Distribution Centre (CFDC), sprung from the loins of the McMaster Film Board, exists to keep the topsoil loose and easy to penetrate.

Like the New York Film-makers' Co-operative, on which it is closely modelled, the CFDC aims to provide a functional, flexible means of putting movies and audiences in the same buildings, "Subway" is the name of the CFDC catalogue, soon to include a newsletter on work-in-progress, and it is being circulated to as many film societies as can be discovered. Some twenty-five short films are already available for rental. For information: Suite 11, 719 Yonge Street, Toronto 5.

Lettre de Montréal

par Patrick Straram

Cinéma nouveau, animation, critique

Pour la huitième fois, août à Montréal: Festival International du Film. Cette année, du 4 au 18 août 1967. Expo-Théâtre.

Cinéma canadien

C'est un comité de pré-sélection pour la première fois vraiment compétent qui a choisi les courts-métrages, les moyens métrages et les longs métrages canadiens qui seront en compétition.

Section longs métrages, Don Owen a du déclaré forfait à la dernière minute, et **The Ernie Game** ne sera pas en lice. Film pas terminé à temps. Mais la tâche n'en demeurera pas moins difficile, pour départager les cinq films qui s'affronteront. Qu'on en juge: **Warrendale,** sur une tentative de rééducation clinique d'enfants anormaux, méthode extrèmement discutée. Film remarqué à la Semaine Internationale de la Critique, dans le cadre du dernier Festival de Cannes. **Entre la Mer et l'Eau Douce,** ou la vie quotidienne à Montréal aujourd'hui de deux jeunes Québécois venus de la province, un apprenti chansonnier et une "waitress". Un film de Michel Brault, tourné selon sa conception de l'improvisation à l'intérieur d'un cadre fictif pré-établi. Avec le chanteur-compositeur Claude Gauthier, et avec la désormais grande vedette Geneviève Bujold. **High,** du désormais rebelle bien connu Larry Kent. Film tourné en un temps record. Le genre de film qui sort du laboratoire le jour même de sa projection au public. On n'en sait à peu près rien, de **High,** sauf qu'il est à peu près acquis que sera la Bombe du F.I.F.M. 8, une sorte de premier film canadien s'apparentant au cinéma américain dit **l'Underground. Il ne Faut pas Mourir pour Ca,** le dernier film de Jean-Pierre Lefebvre **(Le Révolutionnaire, Patricia et Jean-Baptiste, Mon Oeil).** Les rapports entre une Française et un Canadien français (d'actualité à l'époque de la dernière formule choc du général De Gaulle, "Vive le Québec libre"!),

THE PEACH THIEF
(Winner of the Critics Prize at Venice, 1964)
Directed by Veulo Radev
35mm – 88 min. – b/w

THE CONNECTION
(Prize-winner at Cannes, 1961)
Directed by Shirley Clarke
35mm – 104 min. – b/w

THE LOVE GODDESSES
A Saul J. Turell – Graeme Ferguson Production
35mm – 74 min. – b/w

SANJURO
Directed by Akira Kurosawa
35mm – 96 min. – b/w

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE
Directed by John Hofsess
16mm – 34 min. – colour

ECHOES OF SILENCE
Directed by Peter Goldman
16mm – 80 min. – b/w

OCCURENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE
Directed by Robert Enrico
35mm – 27 min. – b/w

9 VARIATIONS ON A DANCE THEME
Directed by Hilary Harris
35mm – 13 min. – b/w

THE DAYS OF DYLAN THOMAS
(Prizes at Bergamo, Locarno, Cork and
Edinburgh Festivals, 1965)
Directed by Rollie McKenna and Graeme Ferguson
35mm – 21 min. – b/w

A SCULPTOR'S LANDSCAPE
Directed by John Read
35mm – 28 min. – b/w

THE THREATENING SKY
Directed by Joris Ivens
16mm – 31 min – b/w

WHOLLY COMMUNION
Directed by Peter Whitehead
16mm – 33 min. – b/w

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dans un film procédant essentiellement d'un cinéma **nouveau** que Lefebvre explore et concrétise avec une belle présciences des exigences "linguistiques" modernes fondamentales. Enfin **Le Règne du Jour** de Pierre Perrault, ce chantre de la **Parole,** qui conserve pour "toute la mémoire du monde" un présent irremplacable, fait du récit des Ancêtres, pour un devenir. Les Tremblay de l'Ile-aux-Couldres en pélérinage en France, "pour la suite du monde". "Présenté à la 6ème Semaine Internationale de la Critique, le dernier film de Pierre Perrault, **Le Règne du Jour,** fut sans doute ce qui compta le plus à Cannes cette année." **Cahier du cinéma** 191).

Animation animée

Déjà une vaste exposition, assez passionnante, à Sir George Williams, initie le profane au monde insolite, merveilleux et si souvent tellement prémonitoire de l'animation. Guy-L. Côté, Michel Patenaude, Robert Daudelin et André Martin préparent un livre-somme sur le cinéma d'animation, des origines à 1940. Plusieurs séances permettront de revoir, ou de découvrir, sans doute pour la plupart, les plus grands moments de ce cinéma d'animation, qui a souvent bien plus révolutionné les conceptions qu'on avait du cinéma que la production des longs métrages de fiction.

Critique québécoise

S'il y a un cinéma ici, y a-t-il une critique québécoise? C'est pour l'affirmer, ici et à l'étranger, que nous avons décidé d'organiser des Prix de la Critique Québécoise. Des journalistes spécialisés des principaux quotidiens, hebdomadaires et revues montréalais, pas plus d'une douzaine, créeront ainsi, directement par rapport au cinéma qui se fait et dans l'opinion publique (qu'il faut absolument "prévenir" de l'existence d'une critique — c'est sans doute la première fois qu'elle existe ainsi, vraiment), ce phénomène indispensable d'une **opinion critique** réelle. Mention sera faite d'un film étranger vu durant chaque F.I.F.M. et qui nous aura particulièrement frappé pour ce qu'il nous apportait de nouveau. Un prix sera décerné au film canadien en compétition qui nous semblera le plus essentiel. Certaines valeurs précises dans d'autres films seront signalées. Prix de la Critique Québécoise. Aux niveaux de l'information, de la culture, de la contribution à la production et à la diffusion des films, nous voulons faire savoir sans cesse qu'il y a désormais ici une conscience de ce qu'est le cinéma, nous voulons tout faire pour que le fait cinématographique au Québec ne soit pas tué une seconde fois.

NEW YORK LETTER

by Bob Cowan

Recently, a giant Underground Cinéthon took place at the new Cinécity in Toronto. Two heroes of the New York Underground, Mike and George Kuchar, were in attendance. George Kuchar reports:

"A safari of film-makers converged on Toronto from New York, San Francisco and other exotic places. It was very hot as I got off the prop-jet, which was populated by bleached witches that served cheap cookies. I boarded a car with Larry Kardish, Peter Gessner, my brother and someone in a mini-skirt. We sped from the airport, passing the usual entanglement of high-tension wires and electric transformers that towered majestically over enormous sewer-pipes of erotic circumference. The heat was terrible and, as I stared at the girl in the car with her firm white legs and pink cool knees, I too wanted to wear a mini-skirt. A completely un-airconditioned room lay open to us, with a breath-taking view of a parking lot. The next day, there was a meet-the-press luncheon that had delicious pastries that stuck in my teeth, making the interviews very disagreeable. Then there was an afternoon showing of films where all the film-makers walked out to complain about the sound system which went on the blink. My brother and I left to buy a leash for our dog. We went to the City Hall, which reminded me of a flying saucer hanger constructed in a mushroom patch. I liked it. We sat on a bench in the flaying heat as water shot up from the fountain and a huge, plastic penis swung in the breeze. Next night there was a symposium on film. It was like a circus. People were eating candy and crispy stuff while bright lights of an orange hue streaked down through the hot haze. Kenneth Anger did not show up for the panel, but Shirley Clarke, Ed Emshwiller, Robert Nelson, Andrew Meyer, Mike and myself faced the throng. Sweat was everywhere. The microphones hummed. The lines were drawn and the battle began by Shirley refusing to answer the first question. The question was: 'How deep is Underground?' I answered and started talking, making the event deteriorate into a verbal brothel of impotent achievements. I could not shake Toronto free from its pedestal of Queen Mother virginity."

Mike Kuchar also offers his observations on the same scene:

"I certainly liked my visit better this time than when I came last winter to appear on the 'Umbrella' show. Perhaps it was because I came with a large group of my fellow film-makers. Although I made no friends among the Torontonians, I did not make any enemies. Perhaps, also, it was better because I wasn't involved, or should I say engulfed, by the people who work for the CBC. I was subjected to some press people who invaded my hotel room and made me talk about 'Underground' movies and myself. The following day I read the articles and tossed the fifty-cent pile of literature in the gutter. Why the reporters had to bother with me, I don't know. They didn't like my film, **Sins of the Fleshapoids,** very much. I think they wanted to talk to me because I talk a lot and what I say is funny in a pathetic, Bronx way. George complained to me that they didn't want to talk about his films. It seems he didn't want to be associated at all with my film, which is fine with me, because I didn't want to be associated with his. We had a big fight in the restaurant, and I almost mashed my hamburger in his face. As for Cinécity's Cinéthon, my first impression was that the three-day experiment was going to be the biggest disaster for the Underground film. I walked in for the first time on the film **Vali,** and there I saw Vali framed between Joyce Wieland's white rags she had hanging from the ceilings (to be used in the mixed-media show later that night). Vali has a strange Australian accent which became even stranger through a bad sound system. I quickly ran to my hotel room to see if I could make plane reservations to return to New York two days before I was supposed to. George calmed me down and I came back to my senses. We took a tour of Toronto. On returning to the theatre, I noted that the sound was fixed. My original thoughts towards the people who planned this venture changed also. I found they were not the social butterflies I thought they were, and that they were not having this festival because 'it's what's happening'. I think the Cinéthon was a success. It certainly was better attended than is usually found at the Cinémathèque in New York or at the Gate Theater on the East Side. There wasn't even any erotic posters in the lobby and still people came!"

OUT SITE WHRLED

BY MARK SLADE

Some uptight professor, a self-confessed authority on verbs in the modern world, asked me to kindly move the second amendment to the first resolution calling on Canada Council to implement filmism from sea to sea.

About to push the green soap button on account of germs, I was flattered to hear him tell me to blow your cool, baby, blow your image. Tell them how it is.

From john to podium is a short cut. I made my pitch:

Filmism aside, gentlemen, academics today scratch only the outer nodes of ancient I Tching. Like many film-makers, and I say this with reluctance, they gamble on chances that never occured in the original Mandarin higher characters.

These characters, my friends, were once called guffaws or gaffs or sometimes codes. From whence rises our modern notion of schools. Places to scratch a private itch, gentlemen, or unutterable nodules buried deep in the total sinsorium. Under proper supervision, naturally.

Some of our predecessors suffered from short attention spans. Let us not suffer with them. Let us not fail to sense as they failed to sense the unequalled oneness of a totally and sinthetically reoriented sinsorium.

Filmism alone, gentlemen, ubiquitous at last from sea to sea as well as to the north and south of us, can happily stem the trend.

I do not have to tell this distinguished audience how the Lumiere brothers gave us the itch without walls. How more penultimately the luminous tube lets us do it in our own homes.

Clearly we cannot fail, gentlemen, to make it with the young. Accordingly, with due respect, I so move.

But it turns out to be a bad day for filmism. Killed in committee. Upstaged by the television people getting through the fifth amendment to a resolution setting up the second Intercentennial Interuniversity Interference etc.

KINEO

BY PETER MORRIS

"I propose to study the plastic possibilities latent in the enlarged fragment. To get the right plastic effect, the usual cinematographic methods must be forgotten. The question of light and shade become of prime importance . . . New men are needed — men who have acquired a new sensitivity towards the object and its image."

These lines are not taken from the latest manifesto of the "underground" cinema; they were written more than forty years ago by Fernand Léger announcing "the new realism" that he was to apply himself in films like **Ballet Méchanique.** He was neither the first nor the last to herald a new kind of cinema completely antithetical to the bourgeois fiction film with its conventional plot structure. The history of the cinema is peppered with "experimental" or "avant-garde" movements of one kind or another which aroused a stir in artistic circles at the time but which had little or no impact on the mainstream development of the cinema.

I don't want to suggest that the experimental film (to use a loose and all-embracing term) is an unimportant means of expression nor to deny that many of the films offer much emotional pleasure and intellectual stimulation. I suppose any artistic movement opposed to the mainstream must be anarchic to some extent, but I hope we can avoid the strange pretension by those involved that the experimental film is the only "true" cinema

Having said all this, I must now say that one of the films which falls into this class — **The Palace of Pleasure** by John Hofsess — is one of the most extraordinary and moving films I have seen in a long time. Projected simultaneously on two screens, the film completely envelops the viewer in a total emotional experience: an exultation of the free inner world of man. It is sensuous without being sensual; a decadent film, in the sense that Bunuel's **Un Chien Andalou** and **l'Age d'Or** are decadent, and whose catharsis runs throughout from first frame to last.

Hofsess has a remarkable natural talent: the ability to think and create imagistically without the need for linking continuity other than the emotional threads of an idea. That **The Palace Of Pleasure** is his first film is the more remarkable.

CLIVE DENTON ON FILM

It's not hard to understand why movies set in schools are usually popular. We've all of us been pupils and few of us have ever been teachers. Thus results the peculiar satisfaction brought about mutually by experience and curiosity. Remembering the tricks of children, we secretly feel we could do rather well as teachers, mixing firm discipline with loving encouragement, just like in the fillums.

Two current pictures, therefore, have thought it prudent to revive the old **Blackboard Jungle** formula: Robert Mulligan's **Up the Down Staircase** and **To Sir, With Love** (directed by Vancouver's James Clavell, to get **that** out of the way). Both movies throw a struggling young idealist into a hostile pride of ragged youth. Sandy Dennis, in New York, and Sidney Poitier, in East Ham, pursue their best-selling ways through the required patterns of frustration, tentative success, disillusionment and ultimate acceptance. Each of these friendly and well-meant movies is, considered realistically, inadequate — as inadequate as most modern education itself. However, to measure **Staircase** and **Sir** by standards of likelihood and fact-facing would seem to me mistaken. Both films are, really, wish-fulfilment dreams. Our enjoyment of them should properly depend on a surrender to fantasy in some colourful, distant world where an apparent reality can be bent to our desires.

To Sir, With Love is, on this level, much the more successful film. All its problems exist only to be solved and everything gets wrapped up in a climactic sequence which is the most festive last act since **Coppelia.**

In contrast, **Staircase** suggests a desire to be something more than a mere vision of effort recognised and goodness rewarded. To be something more than that, but to be that as well. It seems increasingly to be Robert Mulligan's dilemma to find himself trapped within a Hollywood stereotype which he handles well but from which he's determined to escape. He works ambitiously towards establishing truth on the popular screen but over-emphasis and compromise get by him, so that he just fails (as with **Inside Daisy Clover**) or marginally succeeds **(Baby, the Rain Must Fall).** His success, as a result, is no more absolute than his failure.

Up the Down Staircase, along these predicable Mulligan-Pakula lines, is carefully careless **about** following through with plot points. It allows Sandy Dennis some failures among her pupils and allows itself a tassel of loose ends. Some critics have liked the film for this reason. Sadly, it strikes me that Mulligan **is** at some distance from achieving either of two ends. He is not getting close to a statement on youth and age, knowledge and ignorance — nor, unlike Clavell, is he fully picturing the perfect ideal. (It would be funny, by the way, but not staggering if Clavell were to profess intending the former rather than the latter.) Having failed, in fact, to make a **400 Blows,** Mulligan has slightly muffed a **To Sir, With Love.** And I'm sympathising with him, more than censuring him. Almost all the few serious film-makers in America are stuck in the same indecision — an indecision between the air-conditioned conventions and the hot and humid truths.

On Page 19 of the previous issue, there appeared an advertisement for this magazine, entitled "Are You Being Buried by the Underground?" Well, no, I'm not thanks, good of you to ask. But what intrigued me was the half-promise of a future article on Mary Morris — that splendid sulphuric file of dark-haired womanhood, whose glowering passion I have admired from my boyhood right on to her relayed TV appearances as Shakespeare's Queen Margaret for the B.B.C.'s **Age of Kings.** However, I suspect that the article will not be forthcoming. I think we were not meant to **know** about Mary Morris. Some of us do, so there. We know her, though, more from the London stage than from films.

Mary's biggest film break came as the heroine of **Pimpernel Smith,** a light but firm putdown of the Nazis, opposite its star and director, Leslie Howard. She was a Communist in **High Treason** and (worse, because closer to home) a Socialist in **The Agitator,** back in the days when British movies spoke out for Conservatism in their very titles. Most vividly I recall Mary in Korda's unsurpassed, unapproached Arabian Nights foray, **The Thief of Bagdad.** She was a handmaiden to Conrad Veidt (well, I can't think of a better description just now). He was so rotten he turned her into this automaton, see, with six arms, see, and then she played up the Sultan, see, and strangled him. He was Miles Milleson, who also wrote the script, which was stylish as hell, and I'd give up the whole underground for another glimpse of Mary with her six arms, the original Fleshapoid after all.

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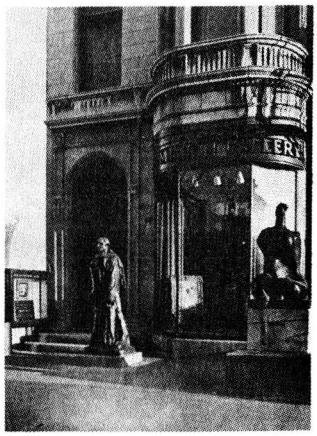

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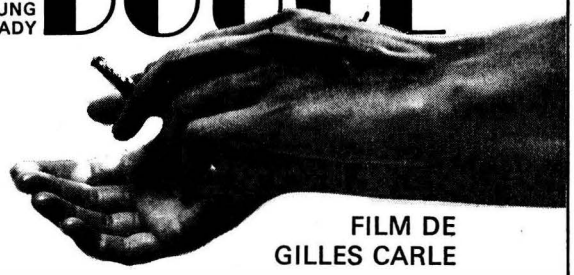

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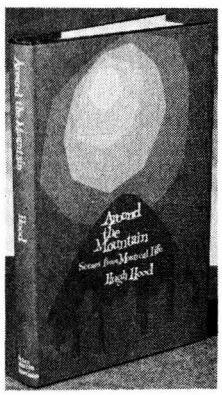

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